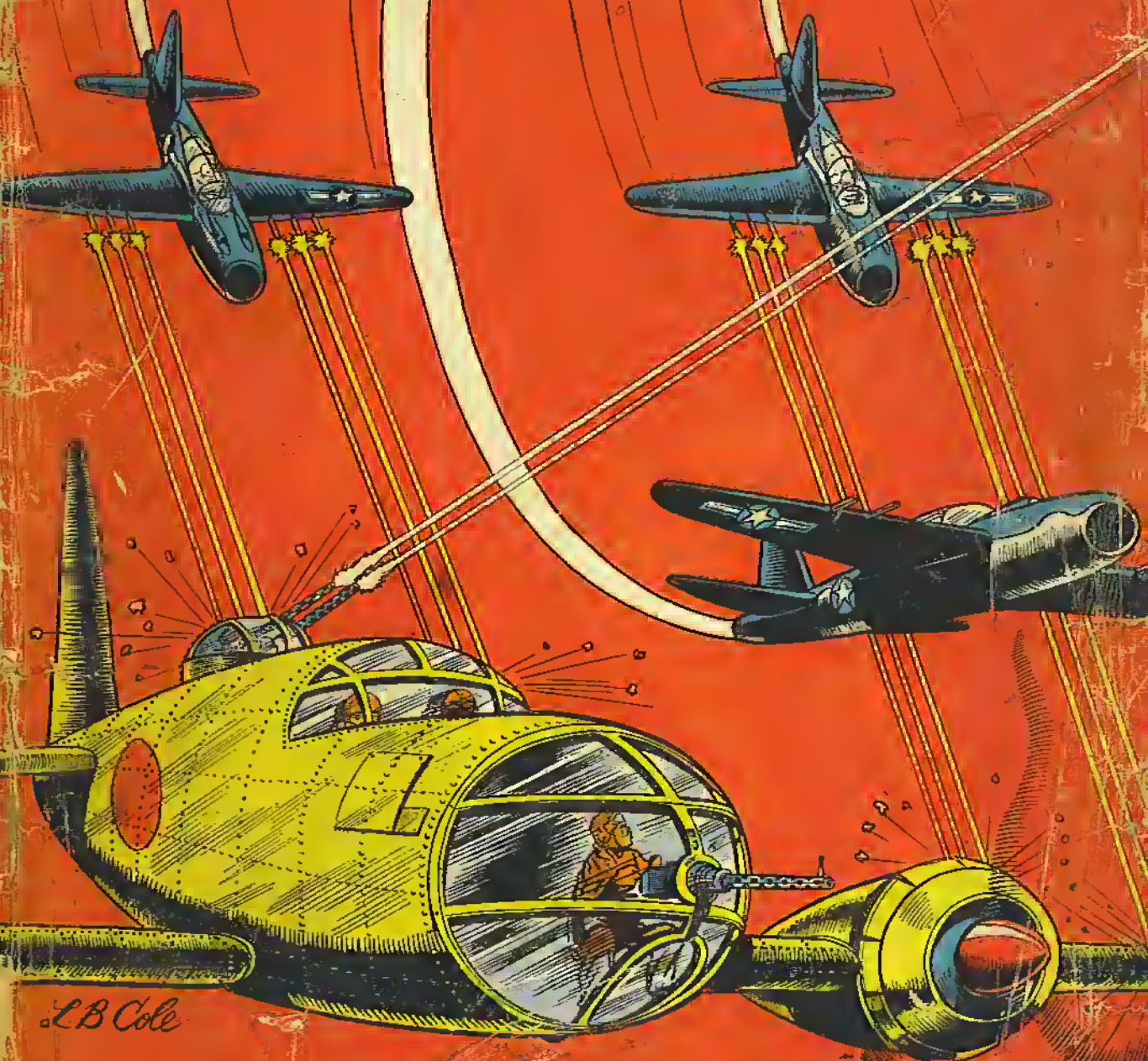


CONTACT

JAN.

COMICS

10¢



L.B. Cole

"Ground Crew..."



Tribute..

TO ALL GROUND CREWS EVERYWHERE, ...WITHOUT WHOSE WORK THE SUCCESSFUL PROSECUTION OF THE WAR IN THE AIR COULD NOT BE WAGED WHETHER THEY BE THE CREWS OF THE MIGHTY BOMBERS OR OF THE SPEEDY PURSUITS-- THESE MEN HAVE OUR HEARTFELT THANKS-- SO, TO THE GUYS WHO "SWEAT IT OUT" ON THE GROUND, WE SAY... "THANKS FELLOWS" AND "GOD BLESS YOU!"



The GOLDEN EAGLE



R. PALAIS

ON THE SOIL OF OCCUPIED FRANCE, LANDS THE GOLDEN EAGLE, TO HAVE A MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE--FOLLOW HIM AS HE LEARNS THE SECRET

—OF
THE STORY OF THE
PRICELESS *Paintings*

A LOVELY NIGHT SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE---AND A GOLDEN PLANE SKIMS SILENTLY THROUGH THE DARK CLOUDS--- UNSEEN--- UNHEARD---



WHILE ON THE ROAD BELOW--A TENSE DRAMA IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE---

HALT!
OR VE
SHOOTD!

GET AWAY FROM
THAT WAGON, AND
STEP FORWARD
AT ONCE!



CONTACT COMICS



MEANWHILE, THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN PLANE COMES DOWN TO A PERFECT LANDING-- SILENTLY... SWIFTLY...



SINCE I'VE INSTALLED THIS SILENT MOTOR, I CAN GO ALMOST ANYWHERE IN COMPARATIVE SAFETY!!

THIS IS DENNIS QUINN... FORMERLY CAPT. DENNIS QUINN, ACE OF WORLD WAR #1-- AND NOW, THROUGH STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES, THE GOLDEN EAGLE... WITH HIS PET, LIBERTY...



SINCE I'VE LEFT THE SOUTH PACIFIC I-- WHAT'S THAT, LIBERTY...? SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN'S SCREAM!



AT THE SAME TIME...

WE TAKE WHAT WE PLEASE, WHY SHOULD I NOT HAVE THE PICTURES IF I WANT THEM-- THE FRAMES ARE VALUABLE AT LEAST...

NAZI BEAST-- IF I WERE A MAN-- I'D--



WHY SHOULD I WASTE TIME WITH PIGS LIKE YOU... I WILL TAKE THESE OIL PAINTINGS, AND--

NO! NO! NO!!!

GIVE THEM BACK TO US...!!

CONTACT COMICS



HE ISS SHOT... YOU WILL BE SHOT FOR THIS TOO... AS SOON--AS I--GET THESE PICTURES FROM YOU--YOU--YOU--

AAGHR!!

YOU'LL NEVER GET THEM! I'LL DESTROY THEM FIRST!!...



THE OFFICER REACHES FOR HIS EVER-READY LUGER PISTOL-- BUT, SUDDENLY...

I'LL-- AGGGG!

OUR COMMANDANT HAS BEEN SHOT!!



--AND A TALL FIGURE, IN A FLYING SUIT OF GOLD, STEPS FROM THE BUSHES....

THERE'LL BE MORE OF YOU SHOT IF YOU DON'T BREAK THIS UP... PUT UP YOUR HANDS! ALL OF YOU!!

DON'T SHOOT!...! KAMERADE--KAMERADE!



SECONDS LATER, AND THE SITUATION IS IN THE CAPABLE HANDS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE....

DO YOU WANT TO BE KILLED WITH YOUR OWN WEAPONS...? THEN GET RUNNING UP THAT ROAD AS FAST AS YOU CAN! IF I SEE ANY TRACE OF YOU WHEN I COUNT TO TEN, I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU, UNDERSTAND?

J-JA-JAWOHL! WE UNDERSTAND! WE RUN--ONLY DON'T SHOOT AT US!!



--AND SEVERAL MEMBERS OF A "SUPERIOR RACE" BREAK ALL RECORDS TO GET TO A PLACE OF SAFETY....

SIX-- SEVEN-- EIGHT--

GOTT IN HIMMEL! RUN! RUN! RUN!!!



NINE-- TEN-- HEY-- WAIT A MINUTE!

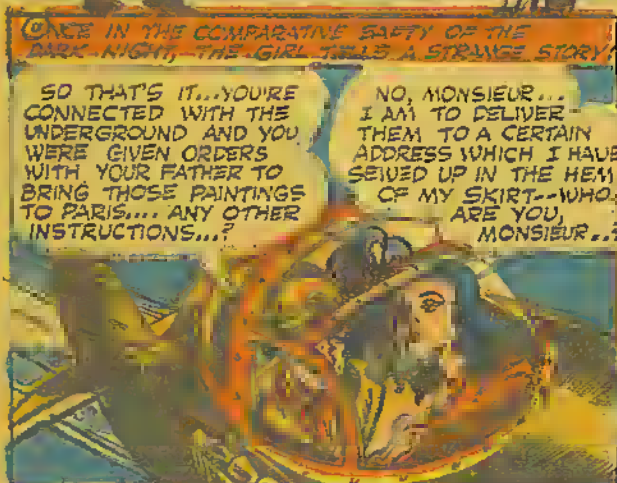
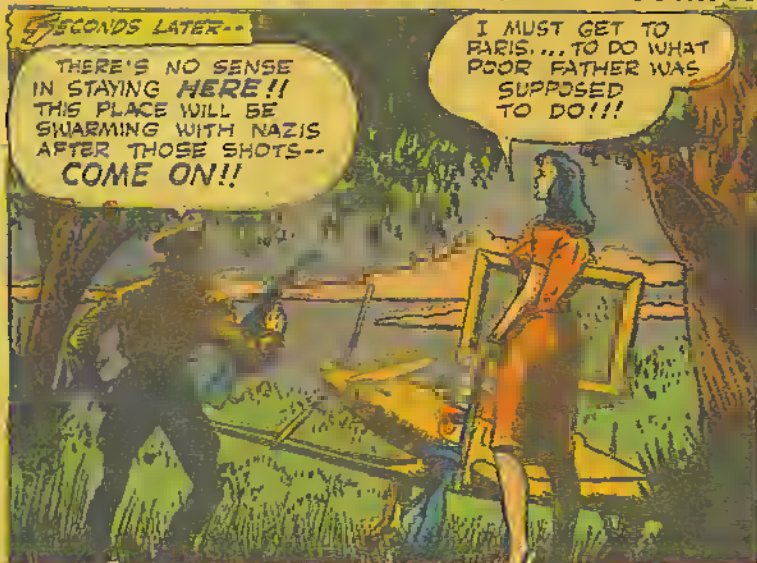
NAZI SWINE...! THIS FOR KILLING MY FATHER!!



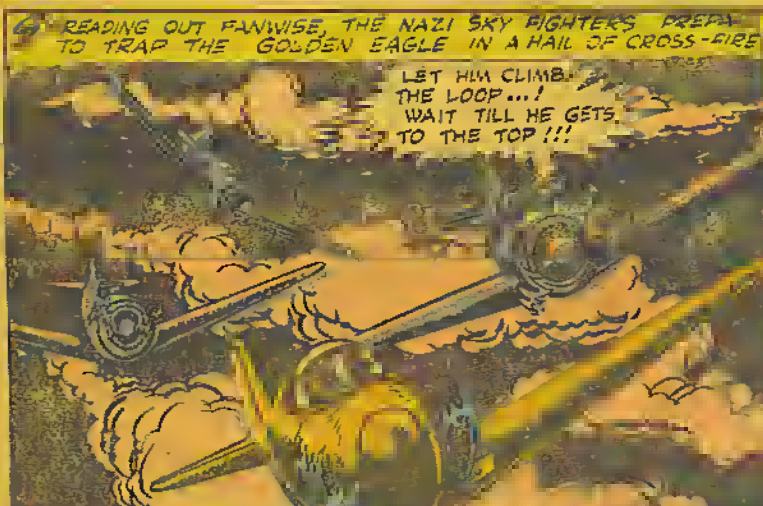
THE DEED IS DONE BEFORE THE GOLDEN EAGLE CAN WREST THE WEAPON OUT OF THE ANGRY GIRL'S HANDS!

I GAVE THEM MY WORD-- I DON'T LIKE TO SHOOT MEN WHO ARE UNARMED!

I DO! THEY DIDN'T HESITATE TO KILL MY FATHER, DID THEY? HE WAS OLD AND HELPLESS AND UNARMED--

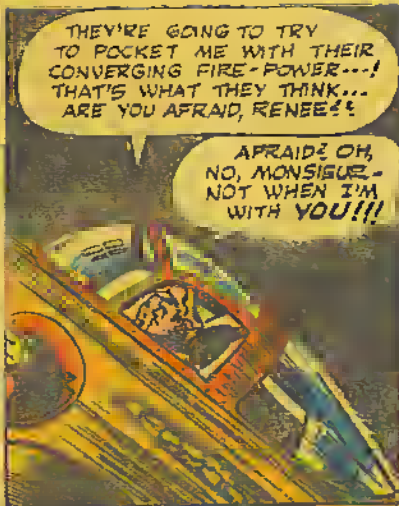


CONTACT COMICS



READING OUT FANWISE, THE NAZI SKY FIGHTERS PREPARE TO TRAP THE GOLDEN EAGLE IN A HAIL OF CROSS-FIRE

LET HIM CLIMB THE LOOP...! WAIT TILL HE GETS TO THE TOP !!!



THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO POCKET ME WITH THEIR CONVERGING FIRE-POWER...! THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK... ARE YOU AFRAID, RENEE??

AFRAID? OH, NO, MONSIEUR-- NOT WHEN I'M WITH YOU!!!



STREAKING IN FOR THE KILL, THE POKER-WOLVES OPEN WITH A DEADLY STREAM OF SEARING HOT LEAD....

WELL -- HERB IT COMES ---AND HERE I GO!!!



THE GOLDEN EAGLE RIGHTLY DESERVES THE NAME EAGLE.... HE WAITS TILL HIS PREY IS WITHIN REACH--- THEN POUNCES DOWN LIKE A HUNTING BIRD--- SCREAMING---



AND WITH THE SAME SKILLFUL FLYING TECHNIQUE OF THIS GREAT BIRD, LOOPS AND TURNS ARE MADE IN DIZZY SUCCESSION... SPELLING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOR THREE MORE OF THE "INVINCIBLE" LUFTWAFFE---

THEY'RE GOOD FLYERS, BUT THEY JUST AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH!

OH, MONSIEUR-- YOU ARE A WONDERFUL FLYER !....

CONTACT COMICS

FEW MINUTES LATER....

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE **FAST!!** WHERE CAN I LAND WHEN WE GET TO PARIS?

I WILL GUIDE YOU! IT IS A TINY FIELD JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS-- MAINTAINED BY THE UNDERGROUND!

GLIMMING SILENTLY OVER THE ROOF TOPS OF PARIS, THE GOLDEN PLANE COMES TO A HALT IN A FIELD OUTSIDE THE FRENCH CAPITOL...

LOOK!! RENEE-- WHO ARE THOSE MEN?

UNDERGROUND MEMBERS! I KNOW THEM! IT'S ALL RIGHT!

LATER.... AFTER PROPER IDENTIFICATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE--

IF YOU ARE THE GOLDEN EAGLE, YOU ARE ALL RIGHT!

DID YOU BRING THE PICTURES THROUGH?

QUI! THEY'RE IN THE PLAN--

CONCEALING THE PLANE IN THE THICKET, THE QUARTETTE SILENTLY WALK TO THE FARMHOUSE-- AND ONCE INSIDE....

THESE HAVE TO BE DELIVERED TO LA GARMAET AT ONCE!

PIERRE AND I CAN'T DO IT--THE ACCURSED GESTAPO KNOW US WELL!

YOU WILL HAVE TO GO YOURSELF, RENEE....

AND I'LL GO ALONG TOO--- FOR THE RIDE--!

MON CHERIE-- YOU HAVE BEEN SO GOOD TO ME-- AND TO OUR CAUSE.... HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU!!

BY CARRYING ON UNTIL EVERY LAST NAZI IS OUT OF FRANCE! BY THE WAY-- I'LL HAVE TO HAVE SOME TOGS-- I CAN'T WEAR THIS ON THE STREETS!!

IT IS NOTHING! I HAVE JUST THE CLOTHES FOR YOU!!

WITH THE PAINTINGS CONCEALED IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OLD CLOTHES SACK, RENEE AND THE GOLDEN EAGLE START OUT ON THE DANGEROUS ERRAND-- IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS---

AU REVOIR-- AND GOD BE WITH YOU...

AU REVOIR, PIERRE-- WE WILL GET THROUGH!

SO LONG, MEN-- KEEP IT UP....

CONTACT COMICS

SEVERAL HOURS LATER AT THE CITY LIMIT--

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS... WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED-- IF WE DID TRY TO START ANYTHING!

HAVE FAITH-- THESE FORGED GESTAPO IDENTIFICATION CARDS SHOULD ADMIT US TO THE CITY! FROM THEN ON, IT WILL BE EASY-- I KNOW EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF PARIS!

THERE IS A CURT COMMAND TO HALT, AND A SHAGGERING YOUNG NAZI OFFICER COMES TO THE WAGON--

ANDRE GRIGORIRE AND HIS WIFE, EH...? AND WHAT BUSINESS WOULD YOU HAVE IN PARIS AT THIS HOUR?

PLEASE, SIR-- MY HUSBAND... HE IS VERY SICK... WE HAVE COME TO LIVE WITH MY FAMILY IN THE RUE ST. ANTOINE...



ST. ANTOINE...? THE SLUMS, EH...? THAT'S WHERE YOUR FRENCH DOGS BELONG! LET THEM PASS, CORPORAL-- DON'T EVEN BOTHER TO SEARCH THEIR PITIFUL RAGS.... WHAT COULD THEY CONCEAL?

JA WOHL, MEIN COMMANDANT!



MINUTES LATER....

YOU SEE? THEY ARE TOO STUPID TO ESTIMATE THE STRENGTH OF THE LOYAL FIGHTERS FOR FREE FRANCE!

I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY ALL THIS EXCITEMENT IS CAUSED OVER TWO OIL PAINTINGS!

LEAVING THE WAGON ON A DESERTED STREET, THE PAIR START THE REST OF THE JOURNEY ON FOOT....AT LENGTH THEY ARRIVE AT THE GIVEN ADDRESS!

IT IS I, RENEE.... HERE IS THE PASS WORD-- **DEATH TO DESPOTISM!**

COME IN... QUIETLY... WHO IS THE MAN WITH YOU...?

ONCE INSIDE THE HOUSE....

I AM THE GOLDEN EAGLE! I STUMBLED UPON THIS GIRL'S PLIGHT AND AM TRYING TO HELP HER DELIVER THE PARCEL TO THIS ADDRESS!

GOOD! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU... YOU ARE MOST WELCOME... COME, RENEE **MONSIEUR X** IS IN THE SECRET ROOM--WAITING!

I AM READY... COME, GOLDEN EAGLE... YOU ARE AS ONE OF US...!



CONTACT COMICS

A SHORT WALK THROUGH A DARK CORRIDOR, AND THEN INTO A SMALL ROOM, DEEP UNDER THE STREETS OF PARIS... AND A MEETING WITH MONSIEUR X...



MONSIEUR X IS IN REALITY ONE OF OUR LOYAL MEMBERS WHO HAS A HIGH PLACE IN FREE FRENCH POLITICAL ACTIVITIES--EVEN WE DO NOT KNOW HIM, AND ARE NOT PERMITTED TO BE TOO CURIOUS--HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF THE SABOTAGE IN FRANCE TODAY...

I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU, GOLDEN EAGLE!

LIKEWISE! NOW THAT THE PICTURES ARE HERE--WHAT HAPPENS?

THESE ARE NOT ORDINARY PICTURES! WRITTEN ACROSS THE FACES OF EACH IN INVISIBLE INK ARE A GROUP OF NAMES THAT THE GESTAPO WOULD LIKE TO GET THEIR HANDS ON--AN ENTIRE TOWN! THESE MEN WILL AMASS WHEN THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN--WE MUST KNOW THEIR NAMES SO THAT WE CAN PROTECT THEM WHEN THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION COMES FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BETRAYED FRANCE--!

I'M AWAYED AT THE VAST SYSTEM OF UNDERGROUND ACTIVITIES EMPLOYED WHILE THE GERMANS OCCUPY THIS TERRITORY!



AN HOUR LATER AT THE CITY LINE...

COULDN'T FIND YOUR RELATIVES, EH? GET THIS SORRY LOOKING WAGON OUT OF HERE--PEASANT SWINE!

OUI... OUI... THANK YOU, S-R...

A PEACEFUL RIDE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SUBURBS, AND THEN A HALT BESIDE THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S PLANE

GOOD-BYE RENEE... I MUST BE ON MY WAY, BUT I'LL BE AROUND WHEN YOU NEED ME MOST...

GOOD-BYE, GOLDEN EAGLE--IT IS USELESS TO ASK YOU TO STAY... BUT WE WILL KEEP THE TORCH OF FREEDOM BURNING HIGH AND PROUD LIKE YOUR TORCH HERE--IT SITS ON YOUR SHOULDER!



WITH A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE GOLDEN PLANE IS IN THE AIR AGAIN AS THE GOLDEN EAGLE GOES ON THE TRAIL OF A NEW ADVENTURE...



The End

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In Aviation

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CONTACT

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CITY & STATE

AIRBORNE!

HERE'S THE STORY OF
SERGEANT EARL SCHMADEL
WHO CALLS HIMSELF 'DUMB'
JUST BECAUSE A NAZI SNIPER
GOT HIM...ONE DAY WHEN THE
AIRBORNE INFANTRY HAD BEEN
SENT FAR AHEAD OF THE
ADVANCED AMERICAN ARMY
IN ITALY...



A "Salute to the Yanks"
True Story

ALL RIGHT, CORPORALS... PLACE YOUR MEN!
YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!
ON THE DOUBLE...



BUT HARDLY HAD THEY DUG THEMSELVES IN THEIR FOX-HOLES WHEN THEY WERE CUT OFF BY A SUPERIOR ENEMY FORCE! THEIR SITUATION WAS DANGEROUS!

HOLD THAT ADVANCED POSITION AT ALL COSTS!

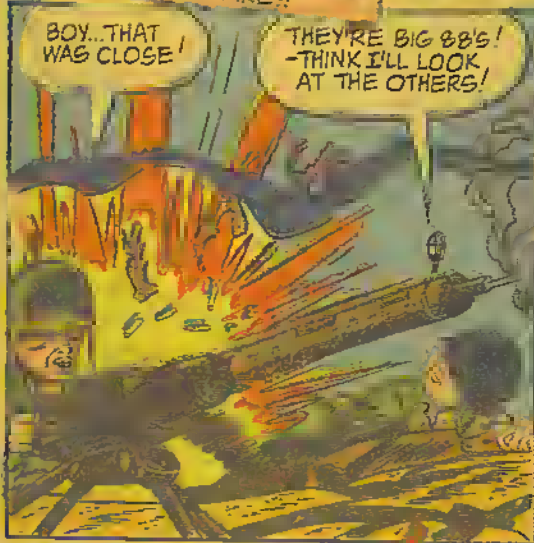
YES, SIR, WE'LL HOLD IT!



THE NAZIS OPEN FIRE!!

BOY... THAT WAS CLOSE!

THEY'RE BIG BB'S! -THINK I'LL LOOK AT THE OTHERS!



DIG IN, YOU LUGS! -DIG IN!!



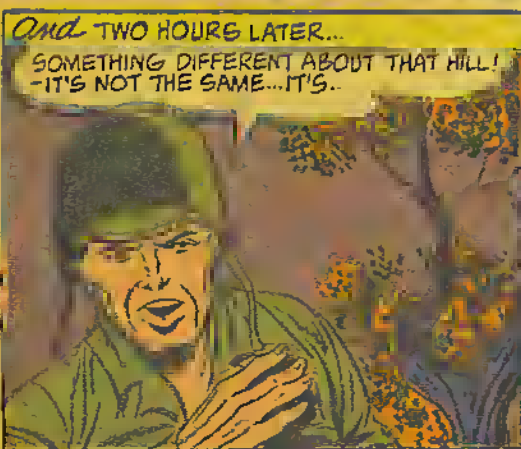
THAT'S RIGHT, GUYS, MAKE THINGS COMFORTABLE! WE'RE GOING TO BE HERE FOR A WHILE!



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT, THE NAZIS STORMED THE HILL TIME AFTER TIME!

NOW YOU'RE COOKING WITH GAS, FELLERS! POUR IT INTO THEM!

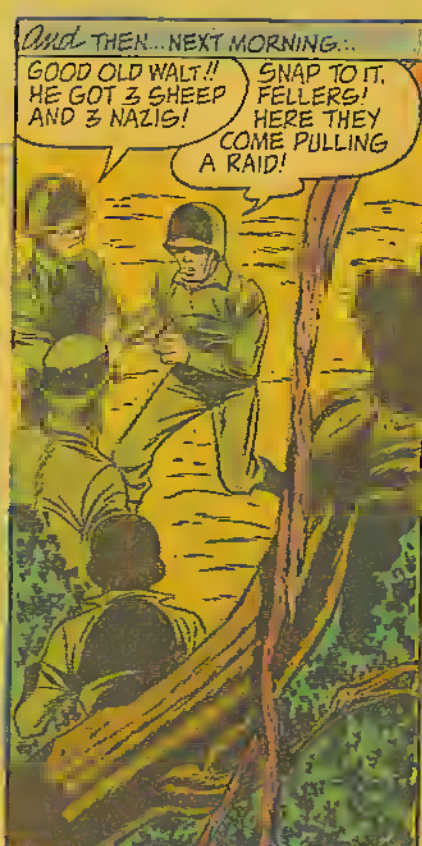




CONTACT COMICS



**DING
DONG!**



That's THE WAY IT WENT FOR 8 DAYS! RAIDS! RAIDS! THE BIG BB'S BOMBARDING THAT HILLTOP MORNING AND NIGHT! SHIPERS- ALWAYS!

GIVE A HAND HERE!...
-SOMEONE'S BEEN HIT!



THAT AFTERNOON A RUNNER GOT THRU TO THEM WITH FOOD, MAIL AND AMMUNITION!

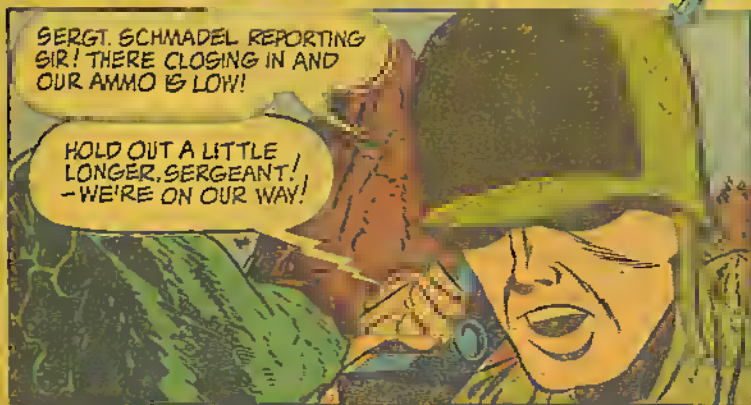
HERE'S SOME MAIL, SERGEANT! I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT!

THANKS A LOT, FELLA! I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HOME IN A MONTH!



SERG. SCHMADEL REPORTING SIR! THERE CLOSING IN AND OUR AMMO IS LOW!

HOLD OUT A LITTLE LONGER, SERGEANT! -WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



DON'T GO NOW, SARGE! IT'S DANGEROUS! THE GUYS CAN WAIT FOR THEIR MAIL!

YOU AND I DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT! NAW, I'M GOING!



HEY YOU GUYS! HERE COMES THE MAILMAN!

HURRAH!



YOW! HERE TAKE THESE! -I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

WATCH YOURSELF, MAN!





NEXT MONTH WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER
SAUTE TO THE YANKS' STORY!
-WATCH FOR IT! - - -



Johnson peeled off from the squadron with a professionalism that sent quivers of pride through Flight Commander Toomey's heart. Another member to become attached to his squadron, and a born flyer if he ever saw one.

And Major Toomey had seen plenty come and go in the hectic year and a half he had spent in the South Pacific. More than once, he had talked to boys who were going up for the first time to battle the Nips, and his friendly reassuring words did more to make a combat pilot out of them than all the textbook training in the world.

"Don't be afraid of them", he would say. "They say that they're better than us. Did you ever hear of anything funnier . . . ? Look at our record, and then relax . . . you've got nothing to worry about. Get your man, sit on his tail, and don't let up until you see his crate turn orange . . . orange flame . . . you'll like orange. You'll want to see it every time you go up!"

He looked down at young First Lieutenant Johnson in his shiny Thunderbolt and smiled. Johnson was easily slated for a captaincy, and Major Toomey resolved to recommend him for promotion at the first opportunity. Johnson could really fly rings around the best Jap fighter in the air.

The major leaned back in his seat and allowed his mind to wander for a few seconds. This would be his last combat flight in quite a while. Tomorrow, he would start a long furlough. Then, back to the states, to his home town in Florida, and Helen, and Little Freddie. He had his fill of war for a while, and was looking forward to going back to a land of rest and enchantment surrounded by his family and friends.

Florida was a long way off, but Major Toomey always reminded himself of his home state with a beautiful orange, hanging on a short cord in his plane. As a matter of fact, orange was his favorite color, and the sight of Nipponese aircraft bursting into orange flame was a constant source of deep-seated pleasure to him.

And there was the orange now, swaying gently in the plant. It had been polished to a high sheen, a custom he always followed when going out on a combat job. He claimed it brought him luck.

He fingered his gun button. All was in readiness. This was his heaven knows how many times mission, and as usual, right into the face of the enemy.

"My last one, for a while, at least," he murmured to himself. He thought of his beautiful wife, and their charming little boy, Freddie, who had eyes and hair like his fathers. He

thought of long sunny days in their little cottage on the Florida beach front, swimming in the warm moonlight, trips to Havana from the Keys, friends dropping in on them at night, cold American beer, and Sunday in the little flower covered church on Westbrook Road . . .

His thoughts were interrupted by the whining stinging crash of hot lead. Instantly he was on the alert, and started to climb. "Helen!" he almost shouted as if she were a mile down the sandy beach at home. "Helen! I'm coming back! Just one more, and I'll be home!"

Three Zeroes singled him out. An old Nip stunt. Kill the commander and the rest go haywire. Johnson roared in, all guns blazing. One Zero literally blew to pieces in the air. The lieutenant tried to maneuver the second one into place, but the damage was done. A sizzling stream of machine gun fire went crashing into the major's ship, and it was over.

The rest of the squadron were enraged. Fury was let loose, and all hell opened up in the clouds. It was revenge with a capital "R". Orange flames announced the finish of more Nipponese, while the rest took a hint and scattered to the four winds.

They found him there, dead, in the wreckage of his plane. The gang stood around with solemn eyes. Johnson was openly crying.

"A great flyer," he said slowly, "and a great guy. He told me that he was up for his furlough tomorrow. Wanted to teach me a couple of things. Said I was good officer material. Now, he's gone."

Artie Redlow looked at the wreckage sadly, then asked, "I wonder what he was thinking of when it happened. . . ?"

"Look down there," answered little Leo Petro, pointing to something in the wreckage. "Look at it. It reminds me of some kind of a sign. A symbol of something. It make me feel funny all over."

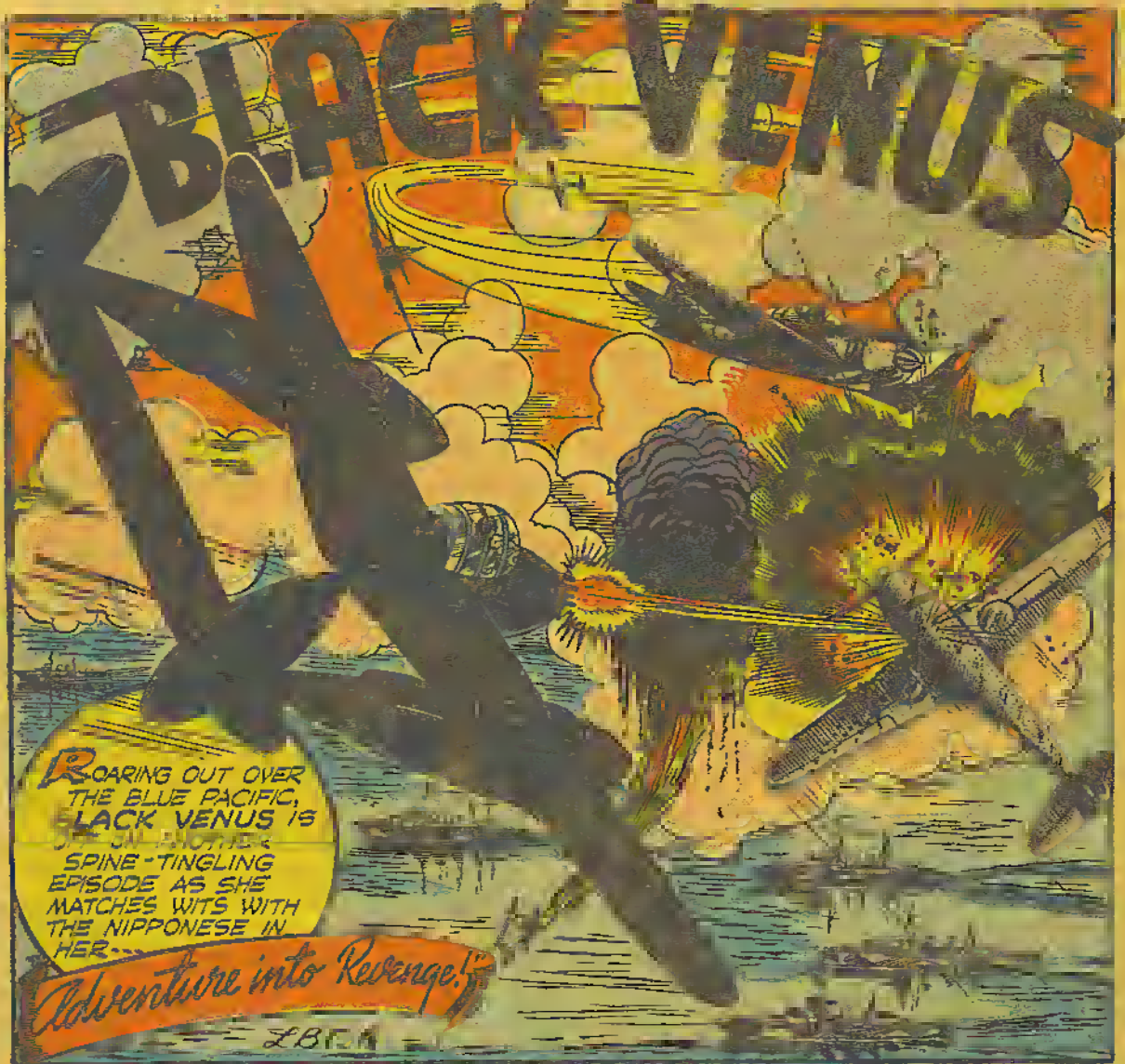
They looked.

Suspended from the same cord, was the beautiful shiny orange, untouched by the merciless bullets. It hung there, gently swaying in the warm breeze, pausing now and then to spin around, and reflect the light of the tropic sun.

But it was more than a piece of fruit to these men, who had seen life and death in violent terms. It reminded them of the major, all he had said to them, all he done for them, all his hopes, and plans for the future, and here was this tiny symbol of a land across the seas still shining, still unharmed, and still as beautiful as when it first arrived from the States.

"The major isn't dead," said Johnson. "At least, not to me. As long as that orange is around, I'll know what it is to be in the presence of someone GREAT! Come on, fellers . . . we've got a job to do — bury one of the swellest guys in the world — but that orange stays with me. I'm going to learn to like orange, too!"

BUY WAR BONDS Today!



EXCITEMENT IS AT ITS HIGHEST PITCH AT A JAPANESE AIR BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!

IT IS DONE!!
IT IS DONE!!!
SHE IS
CAPTURED!!

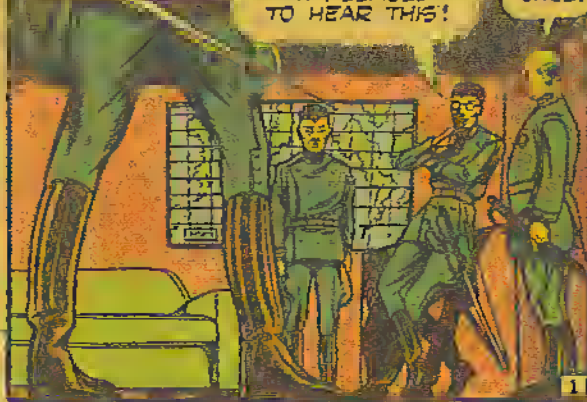
HOW DARE YOU BREAK INTO THIS ROOM...? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, FOOL?



THE BLACK VENUS! CAPTURED---FORCED DOWN OVER OUR TERRITORY---!! SHE AWAITS YOUR DECISION... AND PLEASURE!!

BLACK VENUS, EH! HOW VERY INTERESTING! PARTICULARLY TO COLONEL YOMATA!! HE WILL BE MORE THAN PLEASED TO HEAR THIS!

LET US GO SEE HER AT ONCE!



A HALF HOUR LATER--

IT WOULD SEEM
SO....

SO...? IT'S REALLY
TRUE...WE HAVE YOU
AT LAST...



CONFINE THIS WOMAN TO
A CELL... AND POST A
PERMANENT GUARD SO
THAT SHE WILL NOT ESCAPE!

IMMEDIATELY...
HONORED
SUPERIOR!



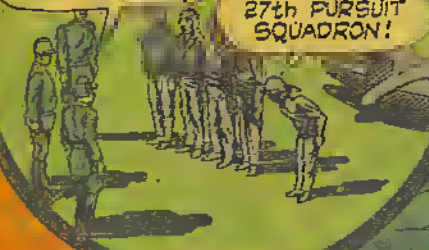
"I WAS CRUISING ALONE, ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT
WHEN I SIGHTED HER PLANE COMING IN FROM
THE WEST--"

YIII--!! IT IS THE BLACK GARBED
FLYING WOMAN--THE BLACK VENUS!

AS BLACK
VENUS IS LED AWAY
THE NIPPONESE OFFICER
TURNS TO THE GROUP OF
AIRMEN WHO STAND BY--

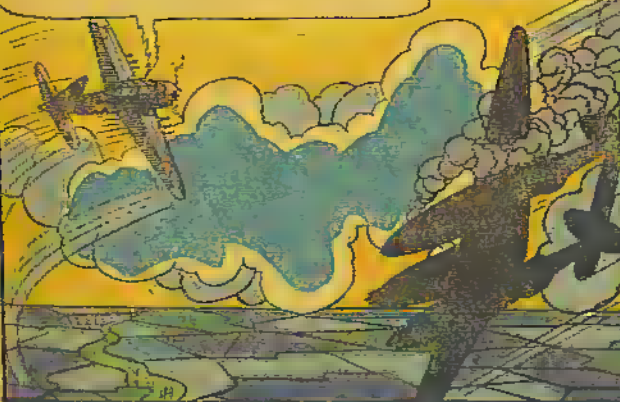
WHO IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR BRINGING THIS
WOMAN DOWN?

I AM, MOST
HONORED ONE!
LIEUT. KOIMOTO--
27th PURSUIT
SQUADRON!



WE SQUARED OFF FOR BATTLE, BUT I NOTICED THAT PUFFS
OF SMOKE WERE COMING FROM HER PORT ENGINE...AND
A HAPPY THOUGHT STRUCK ME--

WHY NOT CAPTURE HER...? SHE IS HELPLESS...
BESIDES, IS THERE NOT A LARGE PERSONAL
REWARD FOR HER CAPTURE...?



YOU SHALL
GET YOUR REWARD,
LIEUTENANT...FROM
THE POCKET OF OUR
HONORED COLONEL
YOMATA... FIFTY
THOUSAND YEN!

MY
HUMBLE
THANKS,
MOST
REVERED
OFFICER...



A SHORT TIME LATER...



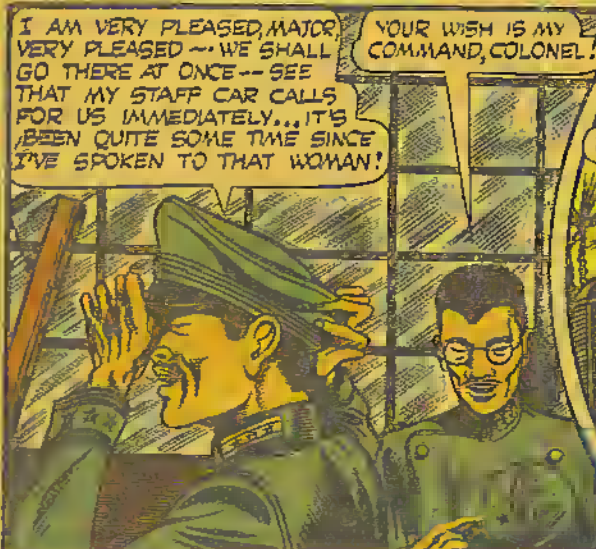
IF ONLY MY PLAN WORKS...
...IT'S GOT TO WORK--!

MEANWHILE, IN THE QUARTERS OF COL. YOMATA--



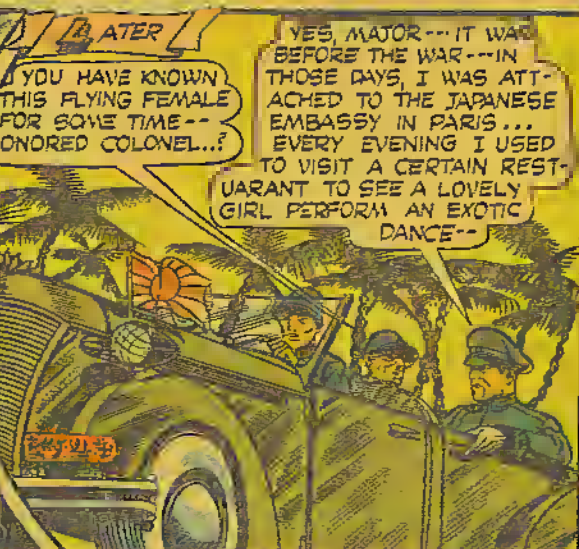
WHAT...? THE BLACK
VENUS HAS BEEN
CAPTURED...?

YES...MOST HONORED
COLONEL---SHE IS NOW
IN A CELL AWAITING
YOUR JUDGEMENT---



I AM VERY PLEASED, MAJOR
VERY PLEASED --- WE SHALL
GO THERE AT ONCE --- SEE
THAT MY STAFF CAR CALLS
FOR US IMMEDIATELY...IT'S
BEEN QUITE SOME TIME SINCE
I'VE SPOKEN TO THAT WOMAN!

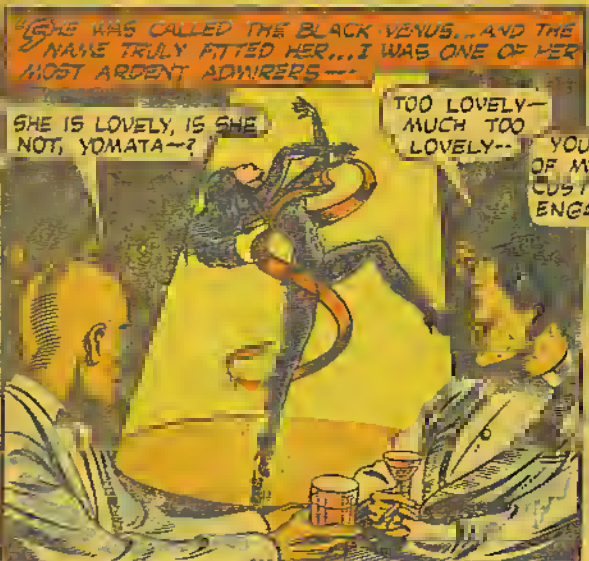
YOUR WISH IS MY
COMMAND, COLONEL!



LATER

IF YOU HAVE KNOWN
THIS FLYING FEMALE
FOR SOME TIME --
HONORED COLONEL...?

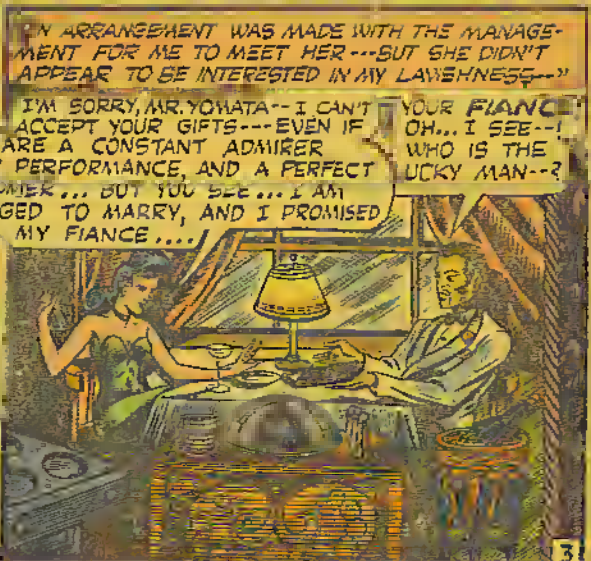
YES, MAJOR --- IT WAS
BEFORE THE WAR --- IN
THOSE DAYS, I WAS ATTACH-
ED TO THE JAPANESE
EMBASSY IN PARIS...
EVERY EVENING I USED
TO VISIT A CERTAIN REST-
AURANT TO SEE A LOVELY
GIRL PERFORM AN EXOTIC
DANCE --



"SHE WAS CALLED THE BLACK VENUS... AND THE
NAME TRULY FITTED HER... I WAS ONE OF HER
MOST ARDENT ADMIRERS ---"

SHE IS LOVELY, IS SHE
NOT, YOMATA--?

TOO LOVELY--
MUCH TOO
LOVELY--



"AN ARRANGEMENT WAS MADE WITH THE MANAGE-
MENT FOR ME TO MEET HER --- BUT SHE DIDN'T
APPEAR TO BE INTERESTED IN MY LAWYERNESS ---"

I'M SORRY, MR. YOMATA -- I CAN'T
ACCEPT YOUR GIFTS --- EVEN IF
YOU ARE A CONSTANT ADMIRER
OF MY PERFORMANCE, AND A PERFECT
CUSTOMER... BUT YOU SEE... I AM
ENGAGED TO MARRY, AND I PROMISED
MY FIANCÉE...

YOUR FIANCÉE?
OH... I SEE --!
WHO IS THE
LUCKY MAN--?

HIS NAME WAS JEAN CARTIER, A YOUNG PARISIAN LAWYER---I HAD HIM DISPOSED OF---MURDERED BY SOME PARIS APACHES--SHE FOUND OUT---

I SEE...SO THAT IS WHY SHE STUDIED FLYING! TO AVENGE HER SWEETHEART'S DEATH---VERY INTERESTING!



HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE BLACK VENUS' CELL

A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MY DEAR-- YOU ARE JUST AS CHARMING AS EVER-- LEAVE THE ROOM, MAJOR!

YES, COLONEL--

STILL THE SAME PUFFED-UP ARROGANT JAP MURDERER!!



HOW CAN YOU CALL ME A MURDERER, WHEN I HAD CARTIER KILLED BECAUSE OF MY FEELING FOR YOU--THAT IS THE JAPANESE WAY OF DOING THINGS-- THAT IS--- IN MY CIRCLE OF SOCIETY...

I CAME HERE FOR A SPECIAL REASON-- AND I SHALL NOT LEAVE UNTIL IT IS ACCOMPLISHED!



AH, YES---THOSE WERE THE HAPPY CARE-FREE DAYS IN PARIS... BUT WAR IS WAR, AND WE SHALL HAVE TO MAKE SACRIFICES... THAT IS WHY I OFFERED A REWARD FOR YOUR CAPTURE--I AM AFRAID I SHALL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF YOU--- TOO---

IF YOU WOULD GRANT ME THE COURTESY OF A FEW HOURS OF PRIVACY, I MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO HAVE DINNER WITH YOU TONIGHT---



HOW PATRONIZING OF YOU--- STILL, I WOULD RATHER HAVE YOU AS MY GUEST RATHER THAN AS MY PRISONER! I SHALL SEND YOU ALL OF THE THINGS NECESSARY TO GROOM YOURSELF... AND I WILL RETURN AT SIX....

THANK YOU-- I'LL BE WAITING!



AFTER COLONEL YAMOTA LEAVES THE ROOM---

THEY TOOK EVERYTHING FROM ME EXCEPT MY GOGGLES--I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST IF I EXPECT THIS PLAN OF MINE TO WORK OUT---



SHORTLY BEFORE SIX THAT EVENING---

MEANWHILE---

UNDER A TROPIC PALM, THE MEAL IS SERVED TO THESE TWO MORTAL ENEMIES

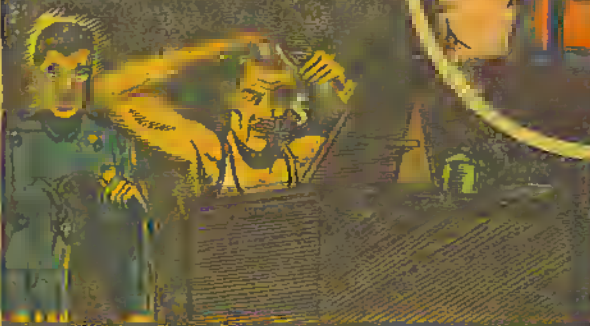
I HAVE HAD OUR COOK PREPARE AN ELABORATE MEAL FOR YOU AND THE BLACK VENUS

EXCELLENT, MAJOR! WHO KNOWS-- PERHAPS SHE WILL LEARN TO RESPECT ME NOW THAT SHE IS MY PRISONER---

THE TRAP IS SET... AS JEAN USED TO TELL ME, IT'S AN EYE FOR AN EYE, AND A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH... AND A LIFE FOR A LIFE...

I HATE YOU BECAUSE YOU WON'T SEE THE LOGIC OF JAPANESE DIPLOMACY-- WHY DON'T YOU CAST YOUR LOT WITH ME--? I WILL MAKE YOU A FAMOUS FLYER FOR NIPPON--

BEING A TRAITOR IS ONLY PART OF YOUR STOCK IN TRADE-- I HATE YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE A MURDERER!



THE COLONEL REACHES OVER TO PAT THE BLACK VENUS' HAND--AND HE DOES NOT DETECT THE FLASH OF SOMETHING BRIGHT, AS HER FREE HAND HOVERS NEAR THE FOOD LADEN TABLE--

THIS SAKI HAS GONE TO MY HEAD-- IT IS WELL THAT WE BOTH DINE ... ARE YOU HUNGRY?

NO!



BUT I AM---! AND THIS SUKI YAKI IS FIT FOR THE GODS!

KILLING SWINE LIKE THIS MUST BE DONE IN SOME HORRIBLE FASHION! HE KNOWS OF NOTHING BUT DECEIT AND BLOODTHIRSTY TORTURE OF THE INNOCENT!



---SUDDENLY HE GETS UP IN UTMOST AGONY---

UGH---YOU---YOU POISONED ME! YOU--SHE D-DEVIL, YOU---YOU!

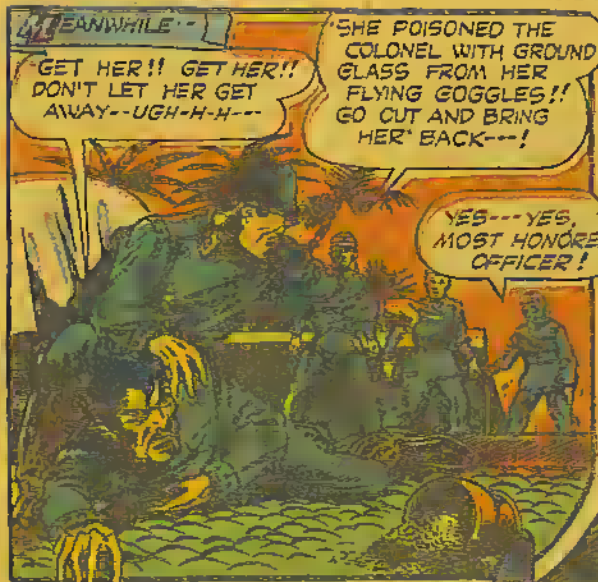
SAVE YOUR BREATH--GROUND GLASS IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU---



SECONDS LATER---

HE'LL GO THROUGH THE AGONIES OF THE DAMNED BEFORE HE DIES--THE PIG!!! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH A MINIMUM OF TROUBLE!

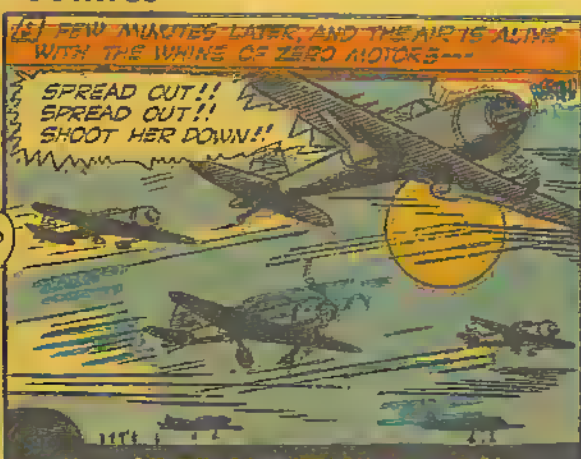




MEANWHILE --
GET HER!! GET HER!!
DON'T LET HER GET
AWAY--UGH-H-H--

SHE POISONED THE
COLONEL WITH GROUND
GLASS FROM HER
FLYING GOGGLES!!
GO OUT AND BRING
HER BACK---

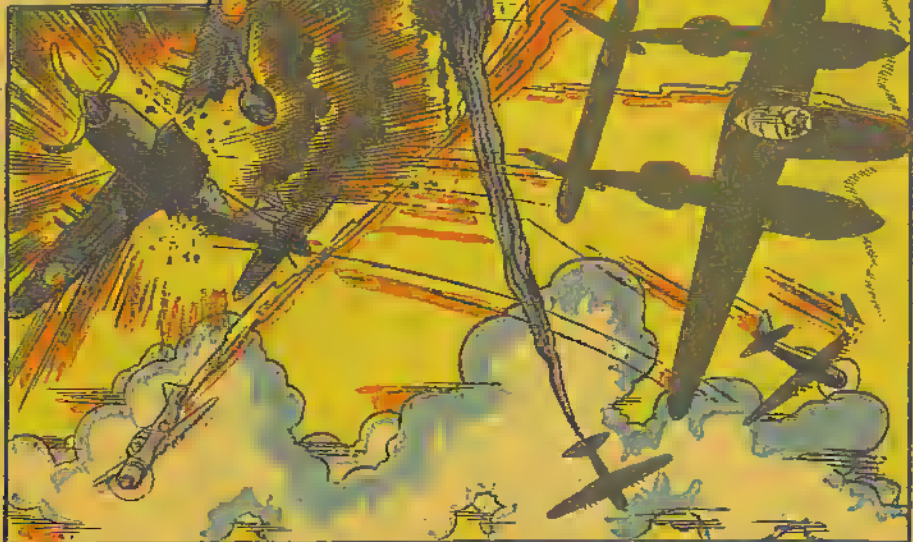
YES---YES,
MOST HONORED
OFFICER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND THE AIR IS ALIVE
WITH THE WHINE OF ZERO MOTORS---

SPREAD OUT!!
SPREAD OUT!!
SHOOT HER DOWN!!

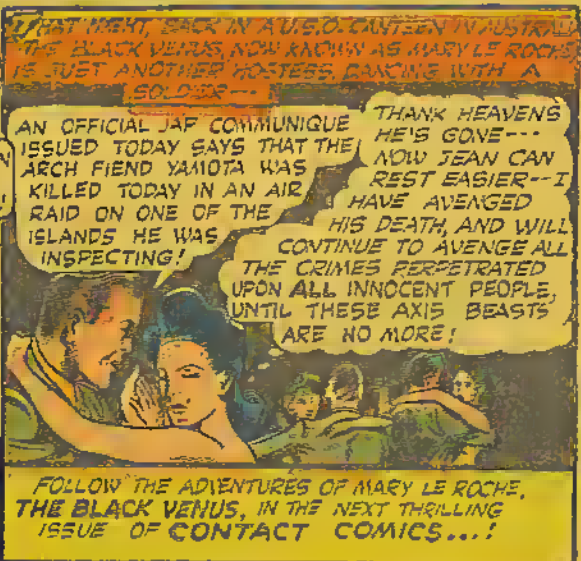
...BUT, CONFUSION
ENHANCES THE BLACK
VENUS' CHANCE FOR
AN AIR VICTORY...AND
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES
THE SKY IS FILLED WITH
FLAMING SHIPS...
JAP SHIPS, WHOSE
RED INSIGNIA
OF THE RISING SUN
GOES CRASHING TO EARTH
UNDER
THE GUNS OF
THE GIRL
IN
BLACK ---



MEANWHILE... BACK AT THE JAP AIR BASE---

COLONEL YAMOTA IS DEAD! I WAS NEVER MOVED
HE DIED IN A GHASTLY FASHION TO EXPRESS SYMPATHY
---SUCH IS REVENGE---THE FOR OUR SUPERIOR
END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS OFFICER... TALES OF
HIS OUTRAGES SHOCKED
EVEN THE BLACK DRAGON
SOCIETY IN TOKYO... IT IS
WELL THAT HE IS GONE!
DESERVED IT---

BANZAI!



THAT NIGHT, BACK IN A U.S.O. CANTINE IN AUSTRALIA
THE BLACK VENUS, NOW KNOWN AS MARY LE ROCHE
IS JUST ANOTHER HOSTESS, DANCING WITH A
SOLDIER---

AN OFFICIAL JAP COMMUNIQUE
ISSUED TODAY SAYS THAT THE
ARCH FIEND YAMOTA WAS
KILLED TODAY IN AN AIR
RAID ON ONE OF THE
ISLANDS HE WAS
INSPECTING!

THANK HEAVENS
HE'S GONE---
NOW JEAN CAN
REST EASIER--I
HAVE AVENGED
HIS DEATH, AND WILL
CONTINUE TO AVENGE ALL
THE CRIMES PERPETRATED
UPON ALL INNOCENT PEOPLE,
UNTIL THESE AXIS BEASTS
ARE NO MORE!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF MARY LE ROCHE,
THE BLACK VENUS, IN THE NEXT THRILLING
ISSUE OF CONTACT COMICS...!



LAST MAY, A SPECTACULAR NEW TYPE OF FIGHTER PLANE BLAZED ACROSS THE SOUTH PACIFIC SKIES... AND MARINE FIGHTER PILOTS WERE AT THE CONTROLS!



THAT CORSAIR IS A GREAT SHIP, - ISN'T IT, LT. WALSH?

I'LL SAY SO, CAPTAIN, AND SHE CAN TAKE IT!



I PROPOSE WE ADOPT THE CORSAIR!

WE'LL MAKE IT THE SHIP OF SQUADRON VMF-124!



FROM THEN ON THE CORSAIR, WITH ITS INVERTED GULL WING, WAS USED EXCLUSIVELY BY MARINE FIGHTER PILOTS! LEADING ALL OFFENSIVES IN THE SOLOMONS, GUADALCANAL, RENDOVA, MUNDIA AND BOUGANVILLE, THEY ROLLED UP THE AMAZING TOTAL OF 403 JAP PLANES DESTROYED IN SIX MONTHS!...
—AND AMONG THE ACES WAS 1ST LT. KENNETH A. WALSH OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.

NEXT MORNING!



GOING TO ESCORT THOSE BOMBERS FROM BOUGANVILLE, WALSH?—WISH I WAS GOING WITH YOU!

YOUR TURN NEXT TIME, CAPTAIN!

AT THE RENDEZVOUS!



GOOD MORNING, ESCORT!
—GLAD TO SEE YOU!

GOOD MORNING, MAJOR,... WALSH TO SQUADRON—TAKE POSITIONS AROUND THE BOMBER FLIGHT!

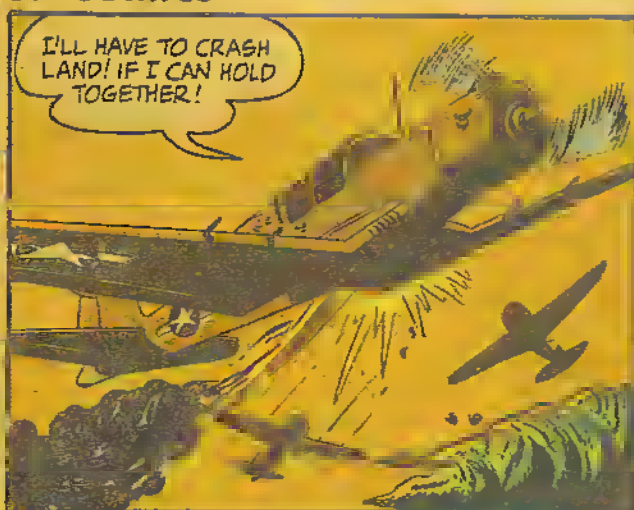
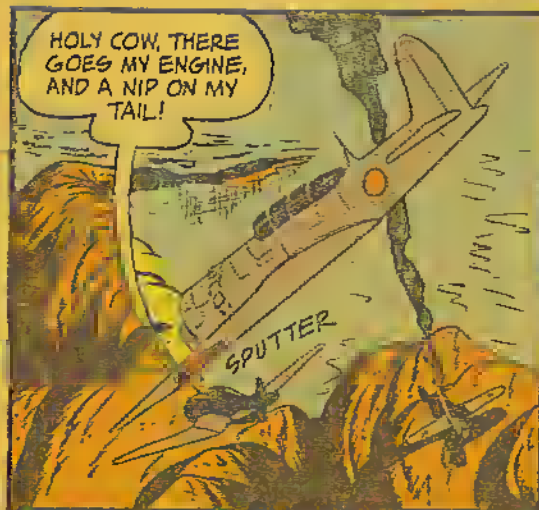
BUT ABOVE THEM, IN THE CLOUDS!

NOW IS THE TIME FOR JAPANESE ZEROS TO TAKE POSITIONS!

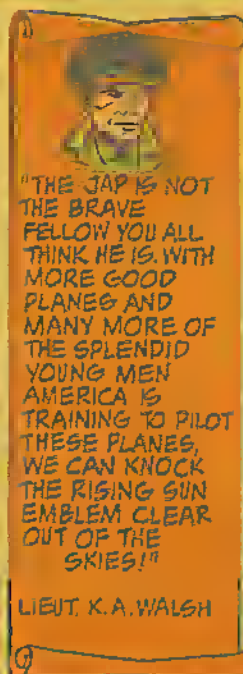
ATTACK! PLAN B—ATTACK!







BUT LT. WALSH'S LUCK HELD OUT!
ALONG CAME TWO P-40'S OUT OF
NOWHERE TO PROTECT HIS CRASH
LANDING NEAR VELLA LAVELLA!



LIEUT. K. A. WALSH

WARHAWK

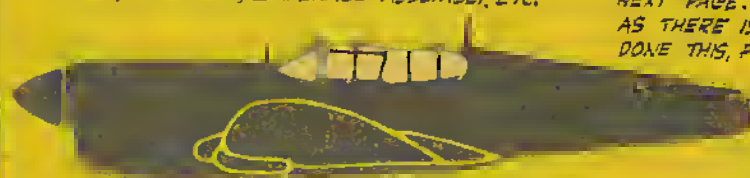
Scale
Model
Plans

IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CURTISS P-40 WARHAWK FIGHTER, IT WILL BE NOTED THAT, DUE TO THE SIZE OF THE COMIC BOOK PAGE, IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO WORK ON A SCALE OF $\frac{1}{2}$ ---- THAT IS, THE MEASUREMENTS GIVEN HERE ARE TRUE, BUT THE PICTURES ARE ONLY $\frac{1}{2}$ THE SIZE OF YOUR ACTUAL MODEL-- SO MUCH FOR SIZE!! NOW TO BEGIN THE ACTUAL CONSTRUCTION... THE MATERIALS NEEDED WILL BE AS FOLLOWS... 1 BLOCK OF BALSA WOOD OR WHITE PINE, 2 IN. SQUARE BY 10 IN. LONG, THIS WILL ALLOW ENOUGH FOR ANY ERROR IN THE INITIAL CARVING YOU MAY DO! YOU WILL THEN NEED A PIECE OF $\frac{1}{4}$ IN. STOCK, $3\frac{1}{2}$ IN. WIDE BY 10 IN. LONG. YOU WILL ALSO NEED 2 OTHER PIECES OF THE SAME $\frac{1}{4}$ IN. STOCK, SIZE $3\frac{1}{2}$ " BY $3\frac{1}{2}$ "--NOW AS FOR EXCESS MATERIAL, PROCURE A BLOCK OF BALSA WOOD 1 IN. SQUARE, ABOUT 8 IN. OF ORDINARY TIN PLATE WIRE, AROUND $\frac{1}{2}$ IN. PEG OF BALSA WOOD $\frac{3}{4}$ OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER, AND 3 FLATSTICKS OF BALSA $\frac{1}{4}$ IN. STOCK, $12\frac{1}{4}$ IN. LONG BY $\frac{3}{8}$ IN. WIDE!! THESE ITEMS CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ANY ONE OF THE MANY COMPANIES CATERING TO THE MODEL BUILDER'S TRADE....

THIS MODEL WILL BE A TRUE TEST OF YOUR SKILL, AS I HAVE NOT MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE LIST OF ITEMS, ONE SINGLE THING THAT MIGHT BE PURCHASED READY MADE, FOR, AS YOU WELL KNOW, THERE ARE MANY ITEMS SUCH AS LANDING GEARS, WHEELS, PROPELLERS, GUNS, ETC. THAT ARE EASILY BOUGHT. INSTEAD, I HAVE RELIED ON THE INCENTIVE GIVEN BY A CHALLENGE TO THE SKILL OF THE AMERICAN BOY AND GIRL... IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT THE PRIDE OF ACHIEVEMENT IS GREAT.... NOW PROCEED WITH YOUR MODEL

AS PER INSTRUCTIONS, AND GOOD LUCK!

HERE ARE YOUR TEMPLATES FOR SHAPING OF WINGS, FUSELAGE, EMPENAGE ASSEMBLY, ETC.



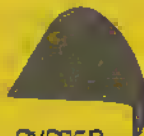
FUSELAGE (SIDE)



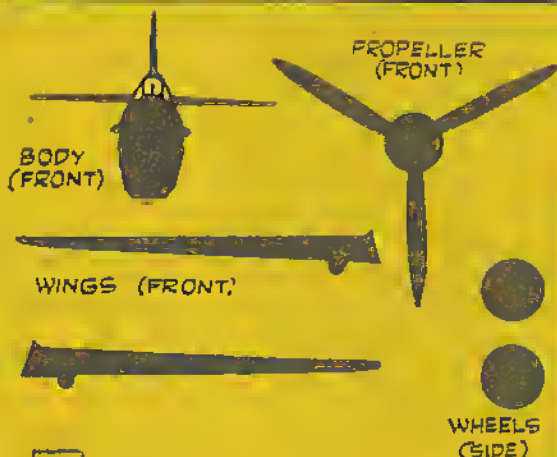
WING (TOP)



TAIL (TOP)



RUDDER
(SIDE)



INSIGNIA



AFTER YOU HAVE CARVED ALL PARTS TO PROPER SHAPE,.... SPLIT THE FUSELAGE LENGTHWISE TOP AND BOTTOM, THIS WILL ENABLE YOU TO SHAPE THE OPENINGS FOR THE WINGS AND TAIL GROUP. E. G.



THEN SPLIT THE WING SECTION DIRECTLY IN HALF

AS ILLUSTRATED--

THIS WILL ALLOW YOU TO MAKE THE PROPER ANGLE CUTS IN THE JOINING SECTION TO ACHIEVE PERFECT DIHEDRAL.... THIS ANGLE IS SHOWN ON THE NEXT PAGE. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO SPLIT THE TAIL, AS THERE IS NO DIHEDRAL TO THIS GROUP. NOW HAVING DONE THIS, PROCEED TO ASSEMBLE YOUR MODEL AS

PER ILLUSTRATIONS. USE AMBROID CEMENT OR SHOENAKER'S GLUE.

WHEN THE MODEL IS TOGETHER, YOU MAY ADD WOOD FILLER TO ANY PARTS THAT NEED IT, THEN SANDPAPER IT SMOOTH, AND APPLY ONE COAT OF VARNISH, PAINT TO SUIT YOUR TASTE, AND A FINAL COAT OF PROTECTIVE VARNISH.

NOW, IF YOU HAVE FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY, AND USED A LITTLE INGENUITY, YOU SHALL HAVE ACHIEVED THE DREAM OF ALL AIRPLANE LOVERS--- A PERFECT MODEL!

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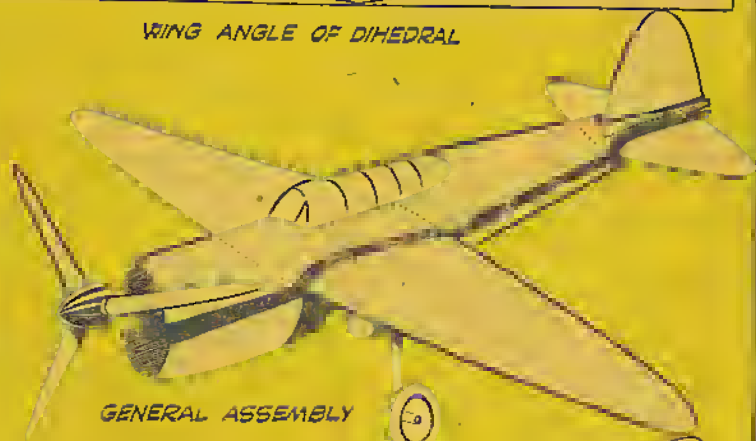


CURTISS P-40
"WARHAWK"
FIGHTER

SILHOUETTE
FLIGHT
RECOGNITION
PLANS

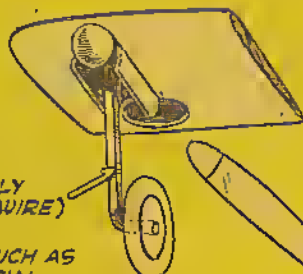


WING ANGLE OF DIHEDRAL



GENERAL ASSEMBLY

WHEEL
ASSEMBLY
(TINPLATE WIRE)



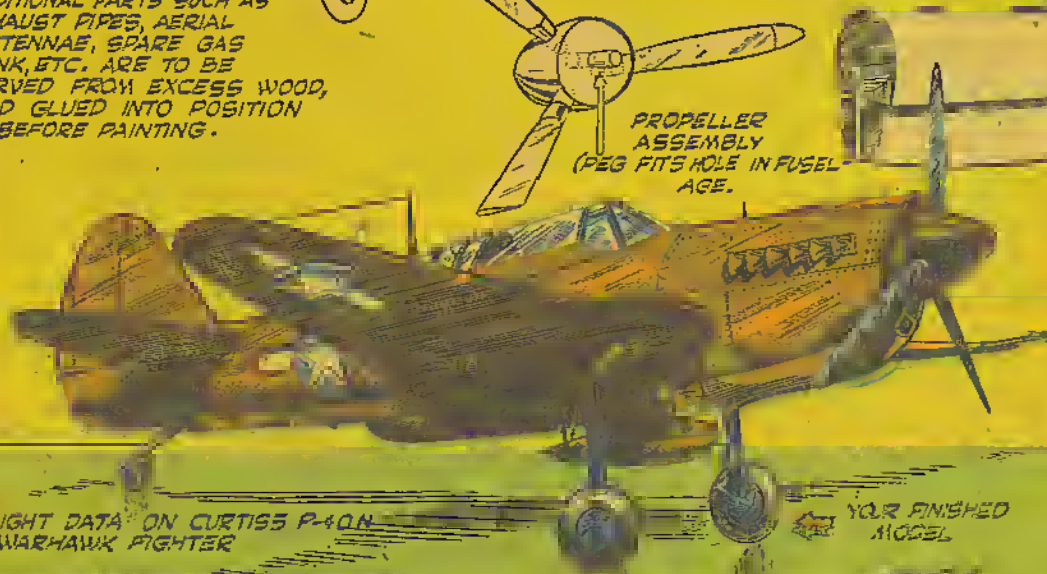
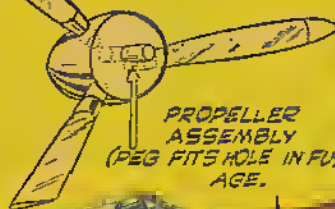
ADDITIONAL PARTS SUCH AS
EXHAUST PIPES, AERIAL
ANTENNAE, SPARE GAS
TANK, ETC. ARE TO BE
CARVED FROM EXCESS WOOD,
AND GLUED INTO POSITION
BEFORE PAINTING.

TIN-
PLATE
WIRE
REAR WHEEL
ASSEMBLY



EMPENAGE (TAIL GROUP)
ASSEMBLY

PROPELLER
ASSEMBLY
(PEG FITS HOLE IN FUSEL-
AGE.)



FLIGHT DATA ON CURTISS P-40N
WARHAWK FIGHTER

ENGINE...1 ALLISON 1325 H.P. IN-LINE
WING SPAN --- 37'4"
LENGTH --- 33'4"
SPEED --- 350 +
WEIGHT --- 9,500 LBS.
OPERATIONAL CEILING, 3,000 FT.

TACTICAL RADIUS - 150 E-(ESCORT)
ARMAMENT - 6 - .50 CAL. GUNS
CREW --- 1
BOMB LOAD IN LBS. --- 1,000

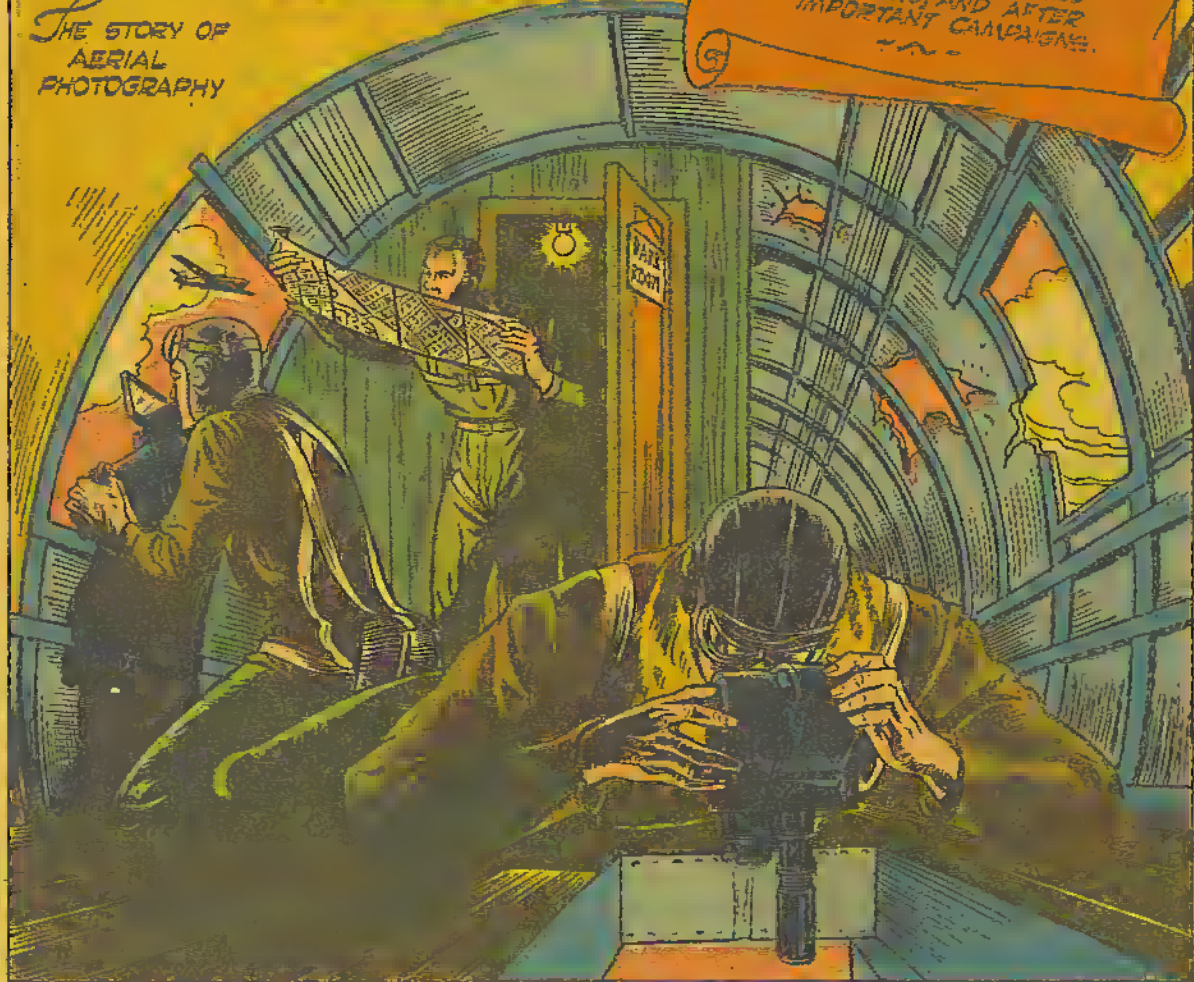
YOUR FINISHED
MODEL

© B Cole

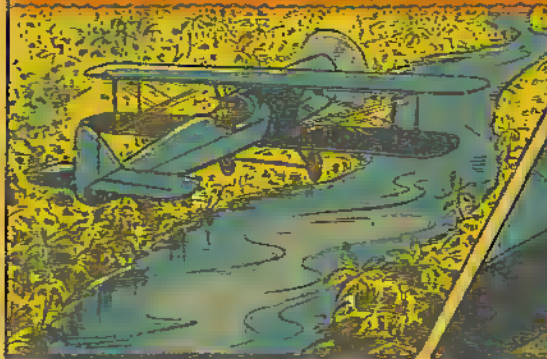
"Cameramen of the Clouds"

THE STORY OF
AERIAL
PHOTOGRAPHY

AS THE U.S. ARMED FORCES TRIUMPHANTLY ADVANCE IN ALL THE THEATRES OF WAR, THEY RE-ALIZE THAT A MAJOR SHARE OF THEIR SUCCESS IS DUE TO THE EFFORTS OF THE VALIANT MEMBERS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE UNIT—THE FLYERS WITH-OUT GUNS, WHOSE VERSATILE CAMERAS ARE INDISPENSABLE BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER IMPORTANT CAMPAIGNS.



THE HAMILTON-RICE EXPEDITION INTO THE AMAZON IN 1924, FIRST ESTABLISHED THE UTILITY OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY--



DURING WORLD WAR I, THE ARMY WAS PROMPT TO REALIZE THE ADVANTAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHING ENEMY POSITIONS...



CONTACT COMICS

SO VITAL IS THE ROLE OF A PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE PRESENT CONFLICT THAT A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR AERIAL CAMERA-MEN IS MAINTAINED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE UNIT!



MONTHS BEFORE BEGINNING A NEW CAMPAIGN--

WE MUST HAVE A COMPLETE SET OF "RECCO" PICTURES OF THE ENTIRE AREA-- FROM EVERY CONCEIVABLE POSITION!



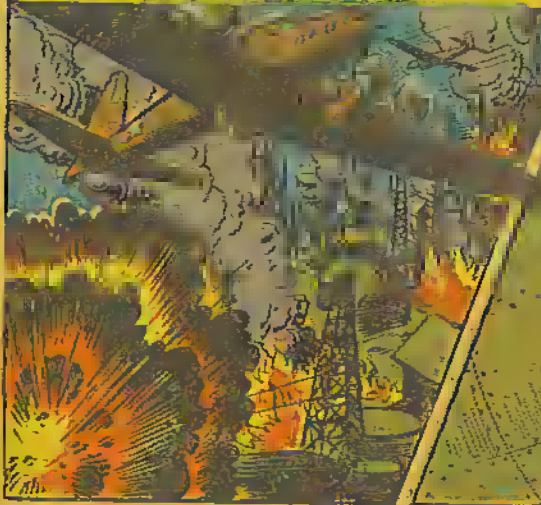
R.R.U. PLANES SPEND WEEKS FLYING OVER VITAL ENEMY OIL FIELDS!



THEN, OVERLAPPING VERTICAL PHOTOGRAPHS ARE PASTED TOGETHER, FORMING A COMPREHENSIVE AND ACCURATE MOSAIC OF ENEMY INSTALLATIONS--



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE VITAL OIL FIELDS UNDERGO TERRIFIC BLASTINGS--

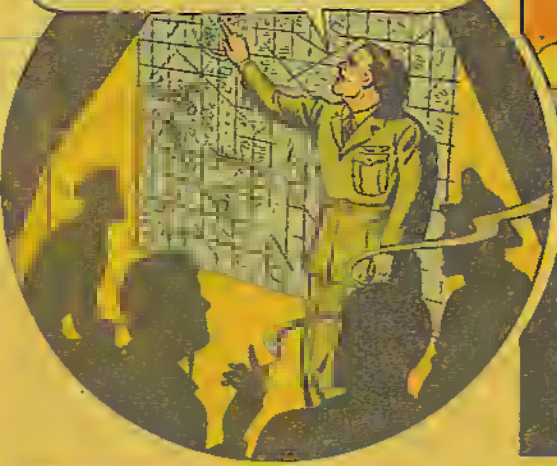


AND ON THIS MISSION-- PHOTOGRAPHERS FILM THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY OUR BIG BOMBERS.

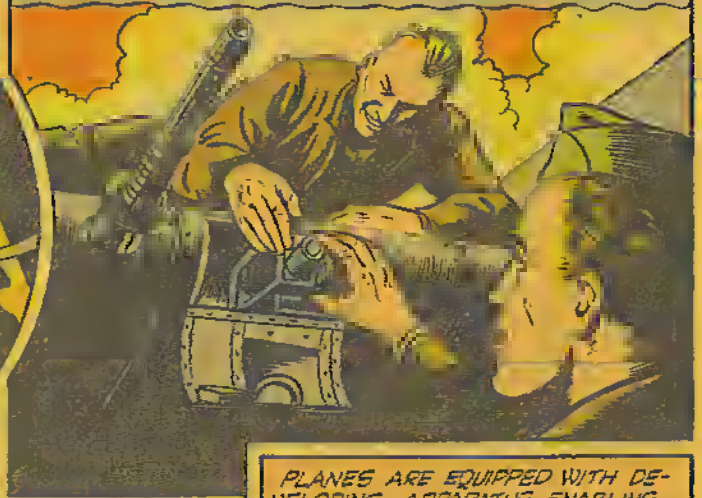


AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE STUDIED--

MEN, WE MISSED THIS OIL REFINERY.
WE MUST RETURN AND DESTROY IT.

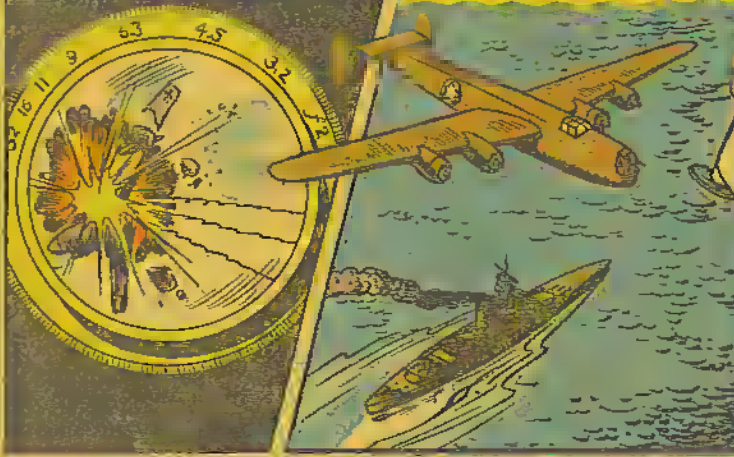


ALL FIGHTER PLANES ARE EQUIPPED WITH MOTION
PICTURE CAMERAS WHICH ARE ATTACHED TO THE GUNS.



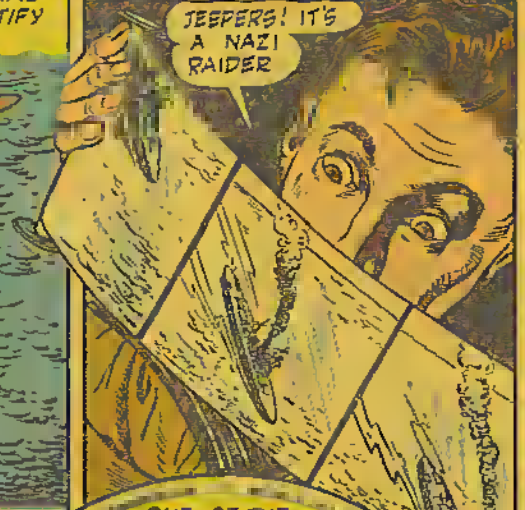
THE CAMERA AUTOMATICALLY
GOES INTO ACTION WHEN
THE GUN IS FIRED--

PLANES OF THE COASTAL
COMMAND USE CAMERAS
TO LOCATE AND IDENTIFY
ENEMY SHIPS



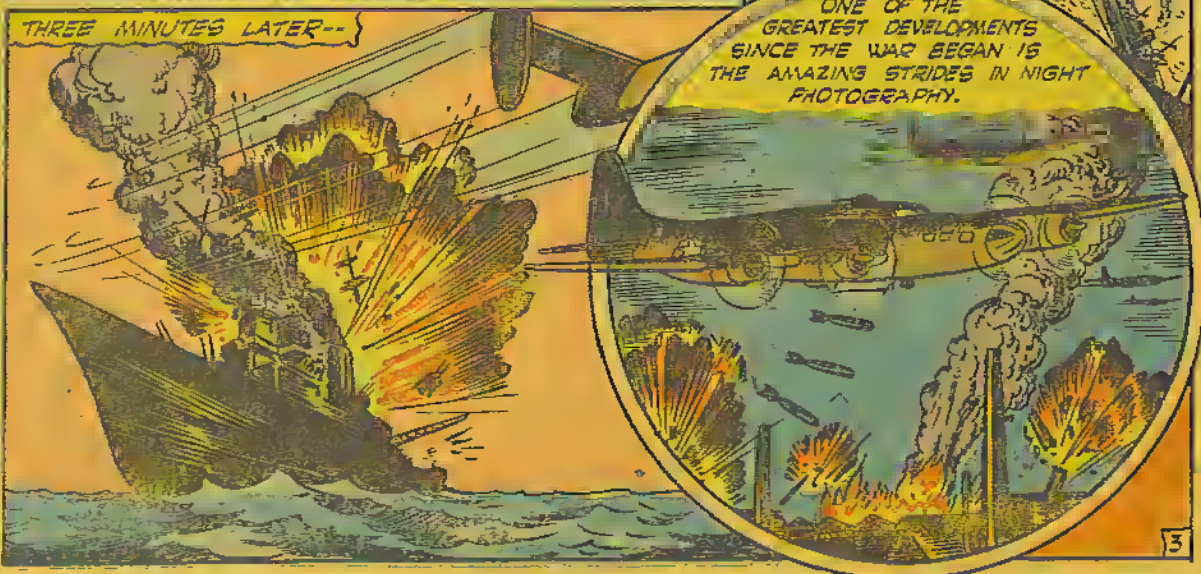
PLANES ARE EQUIPPED WITH DE-
VELOPING APPARATUS ENABLING
THE CREW TO HAVE PICTURES OF
THE TARGET WITHIN 2 MINUTES.

JEEPERS! IT'S
A NAZI
RAIDER

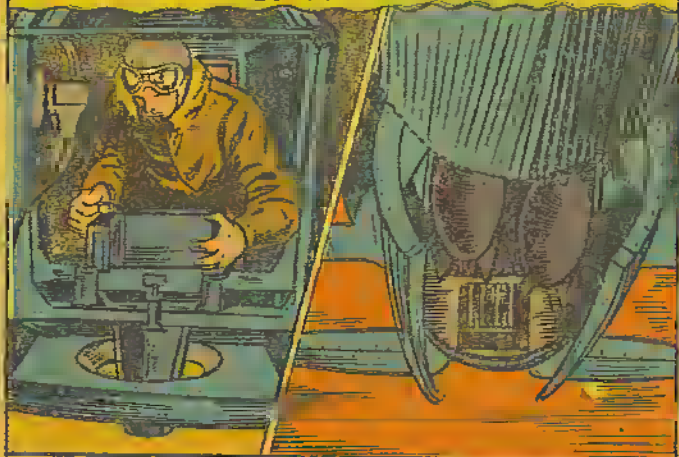


THREE MINUTES LATER--

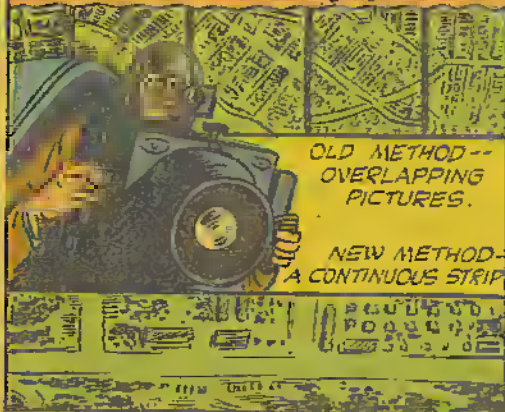
ONE OF THE
GREATEST DEVELOPMENTS
SINCE THE WAR BEGAN IS
THE AMAZING STRIDES IN NIGHT
PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE CAMERA IS SO ADJUSTED THAT WHEN THE BOMB IS RELEASED THE MACHINE GOES INTO ACTION, PROVIDING A COMPLETE SET OF PICTURES OF THE ENTIRE MISSION.



THE SONNE CAMERA REPRESENTS ANOTHER IMPORTANT ADVANCE IN THE PERFECTION OF STRIP PHOTOGRAPHY WHICH ELIMINATES THE LABORIOUS WORK OF PIECING TOGETHER A SERIES OF "RECCO" SHOTS...



OLD METHOD--
OVERLAPPING
PICTURES.

NEW METHOD--
A CONTINUOUS STRIP

THE CAMERA OPERATES EFFECTIVELY EITHER FROM 100 FEET--OR AN ALTITUDE OF 7½ MILES-- BEYOND THE RANGE OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!



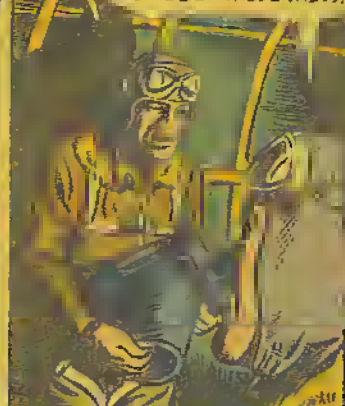
INFRA-RED AND COLOR CAMERAS CAN DETECT ALMOST ANY ENEMY SUBTERRANEAN!

THIS IS 350 DUE NORTH OF HERE I WANT A COMPLETE SET OF INFRA-RED PICTURES-- FROM EVERY ANGLE!

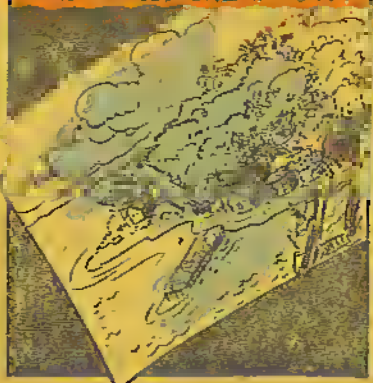


I WONDER WHY THE CHIEF WANTS SHOTS OF THIS ISLAND?

IT'S ONLY A
JUNGLE WILDERNESS.



BUT INFRA-RED PICTURES REVEAL THAT THE "JUNGLE WILDERNESS" IS A CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED ENEMY FORT!



TODAY OUR "FLYING SPIES" THE MEN OF P.R.U. ARE TRIUMPHANTLY SWINGING ALONG WITH THEIR COMRADES IN ARMS -- PROUD THAT "FLIERS WITHOUT GUNS" ARE SO ESSENTIAL IN THE MARCH TO-
WARD COMPLETE VICTORY---

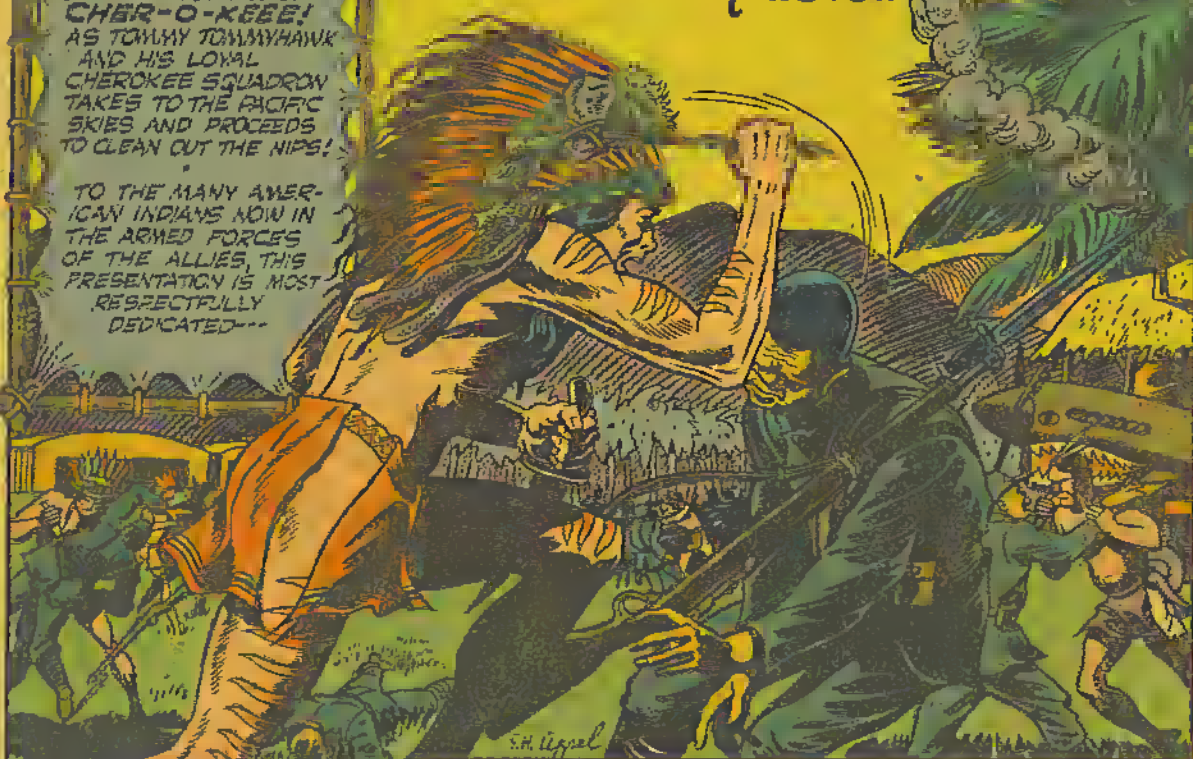


TOMMYHAWK

and the Cherokee Squadron

THRILL TO THE SAVAGE WAR-CRY OF CHER-O-KEEE! AS TOMMY TOMMYHAWK AND HIS LOYAL CHEROKEE SQUADRON TAKES TO THE PACIFIC SKIES AND PROCEEDS TO CLEAN OUT THE NIPS!

TO THE MANY AMERICAN INDIANS NOW IN THE ARMED FORCES OF THE ALLIES, THIS PRESENTATION IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED---



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE OFFICES OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY CORPS GENERAL HEAD-QUARTERS IN OUR NATION'S CAPITOL...

YOU SENT FOR ME, COLONEL RAMSEY...?

YES, MAJOR CARROLL--BE SEATED, PLEASE!



I AM INFORMED THAT THE TOMAHAWK SQUADRON, NOW LOCATED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC IS IN THE HABIT OF GOING INTO BATTLE ATTIRED IN SOME KIND OF CHEROKEE INDIAN COSTUME--

IS THAT RIGHT?

WHY, Y-E-S--I BELIEVE SO, SIR....



CONTACT COMICS

WELL---I WANT IT STOPPED! I SEE NO REASON WHY OUR FLYING MEN CAN'T STICK TO THEIR REGULATION UNIFORMS, INSTEAD OF SPORTING AROUND WITH GREASE-PAINT AND FEATHERS...

BUT THAT'S WAR PAINT, SIR...THEY CLAIM IT MAKES THEM FEEL MORE FEROCIOUS!

WELL---I WANT IT STOPPED IMMEDIATELY... THE ARMY AIR CORPS CAN DO WITHOUT FANCY COSTUMES IN WINNING THIS WAR...HERE 'FTER... NO MORE WAR PAINT AND FEATHERS!

VERY GOOD, SIR... I'LL INFORM THE TOMAHAWK SQUADRON LEADER IMMEDIATELY OF YOUR ORDER.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC THEATRE OF WAR...

I'VE GOT SOME NEWS TO TELL YOU, THAT WILL--

SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHOUT FROM THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM!

ZEROS!! A LOT OF 'EM!! HEADING THIS WAY---

YAHOO!! LET'S GO!

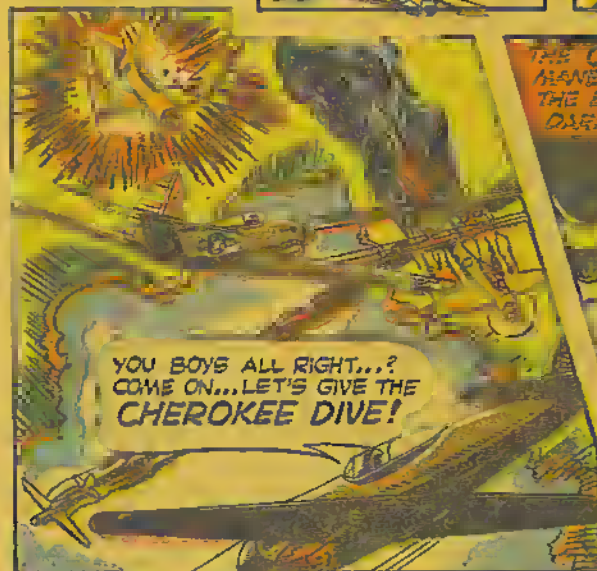
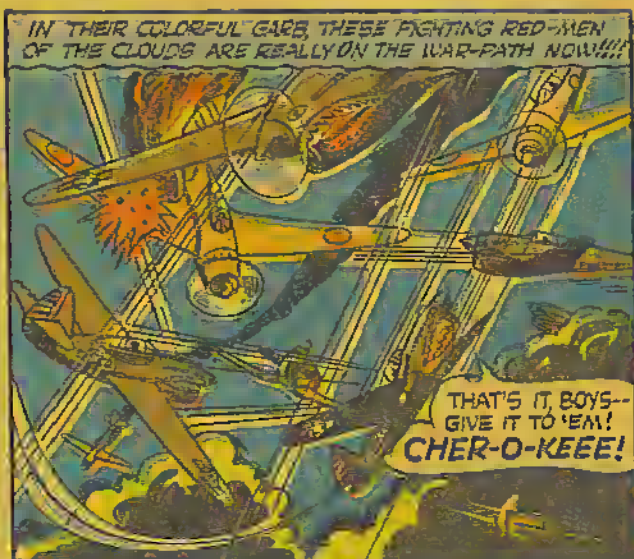
IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE FAMOUS RED-MEN SQUADRON IS TAKING OFF, FILLING THE AIR WITH THEIR OLD FAMILIAR WAR-CRY--

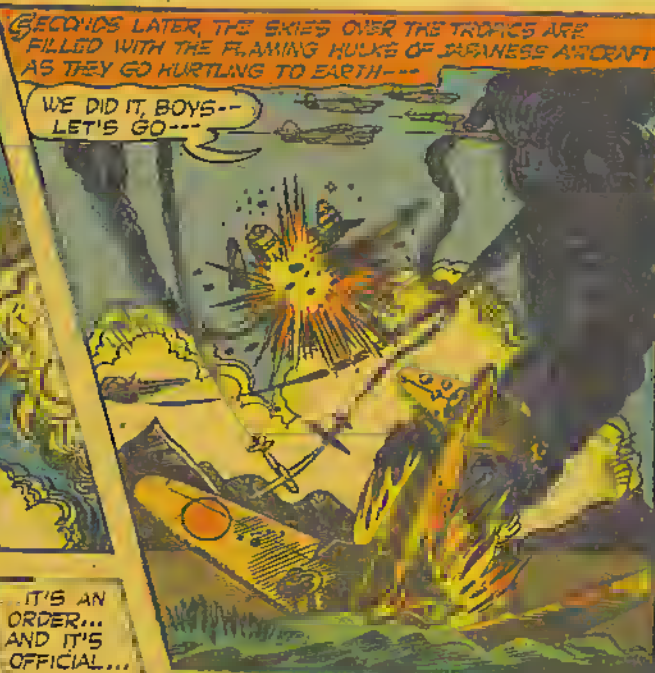
CHER-O-KEEEEEE!

IN FRONT OF HIS FORMATION, IS THE YOUNG INDIAN OFFICER WHO DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO READ THE ORDER FROM HEADQUARTERS, TOMMY TOMMYHAWK

RED WING... LITTLE BLACK BEAR--RUNNING DEER--ALL OF YOU-- LISTEN--FAN OUT AND GIVE 'EM THE OLD CHEROKEE ROUTINE-- ROGER !!

MEANWHILE-- IT IS THAT ACCURSED INDIAN SQUADRON--BLAST THEM OUT OF THE SKY-- BANZAI!--!





IT'S AN ORDER... AND IT'S OFFICIAL... IT SAYS

THAT HEREAFTER WE CAN'T WEAR OUR INDIAN CLOTHES, BUT MUST, FROM NOW ON, WEAR THE REGULATION UNIFORM...



I DON'T SEE WHY THEY ARE DOING THIS TO US...LOOK AT OUR RECORD OF DOWNED JAPS...WEARING MY WAR CLOTHES MAKES ME WANT TO FIGHT---KILL!!



LET'S NOT BE TOO GLOOMY ABOUT IT-- WE HAVEN'T ANY UNIFORMS HERE---

IT'LL TAKE WEEKS BEFORE WE GET THEM... I PROPOSE THAT WE CELEBRATE THIS SAD OCCASION BY HAVING A BIG POW-WOW TO-NIGHT, AND PRAY TO OUR ANCIENT GODS THAT WE BE ALLOWED TO WEAR THE CLOTHES OF OUR PEOPLE---



THAT NIGHT.....A STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE UNDER SOUTH PACIFIC SKIES....



AS THE LEADER OF THE SQUADRON, TOMMY TOMMYHAWK IS ALSO THE "CHIEF" OF HIS SMALL "TRIBE"

IT SHALL BE SAD-- WE SHALL MISS ALL OF THIS!

WE ARE SOLDIERS, JOHN LITTLE BEAR--WE'RE TRAINED TO FIGHT--AND OBEY--

WHAT TOMMY SAYS IS TRUE... WE MUST ALL--



SUDDENLY...!

FROM THOSE BUSHES OVER THERE COME ON!!

A RIFLE SHOT!!

MUST BE A SCOUTING PARTY...! LIE LOW...! BUT GET 'EM...!

BANG!

OH--- AGHRRR--!!



TAG-A-TAG-A-TAG

TOMMY! TOMMY!! JOHN LITTLE BEAR IS DEAD...!



A WAVE OF BURNING HATRED COMES OVER THE FACE OF THE MAN WHOSE ANCESTORS MEASURED LIFE'S VALUES WITH RUTHLESS PRIMITIVE JUSTICE!!!

THOSE MURDERING SWINE...! THEY WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE HIM A CHANCE, MAN TO MAN--I SWEAR I'LL KILL THEM--- ALL OF THEM!!!

FURY IN FEATHERS...! WITH THEIR GLEAMING RAZOR-EDGED KNIVES, THESE RED SKINNED SOLDIERS INTEND TO MAKE THE JAPANESE PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR THE MURDER OF ONE OF THEIR TRIBE...!

YEEE AAGHRRRR...! KILL THEM!!! KILL!!!



I'M ALL FOR IT, TOMMY--- LET'S GO!!



THE WAR CRY!! HIDE! HIDE!! YIII...!

CONTACT COMICS

SECONDS LATER---THE BLOODY INCIDENT IS OVER---

THAT'S SOME MORE WEASLES, DECENT-LIVING PEOPLE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT---

BUT--IT'LL NEVER BRING BACK JOHN LITTLE BEAR--HE WAS SURE ONE FINE BOY...

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IN WASHINGTON
---THE OFFICE OF COLONEL RAMSEY---

YES, COLONEL RAMSEY?...

I'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD OF THE WIPING OUT OF A JAP SCOUTING PARTY BY THE TOMAHAWK SQUADRON AS THE RESULT OF THE DISCOVERY OF AN ENTIRE JAP GARRISON ON THE MAINLAND--NOW THERE ISN'T A JAP FOR MILES--

THANKS TO THE TOMAHAWK SQUADRON...

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT-- AT ANY RATE, I'M GOING TO SEND THIS TOMMY TOMAHAWK A PERSONAL LITTLE NOTE FROM ME---

THEY HAVE THE HIGHEST RECORD OF ANY SQUADR IN THE AIR, SIR!

I ALSO LEARN THAT THE ATTACK ON THESE JAPS WAS DONE WITH SUCH UTTER ABANDON THAT THESE INDIANS ARE MORE THAN FIGHTING MEN--THEY'RE DEMONS! BUT--THEY STILL WORE THEIR COSTUMES---WHY...?

PERHAPS, SIR, THEY WERE USING CAMOUFLAGE, LIKE OTHER SOLDIERS IN THE TROPICS--IN THAT COLORFUL COUNTRY, THEIR COSTUMES WOULD BLEND IN PERFECTLY WITH THE FOLIAGE!

...AND SO THE STORY IS ENDED--AND THE FIGHTING BLOOD OF OUR AMERICAN INDIAN BROTHERS--IN-ARMS FLOWS FASTER WHEN HE IS ATTIRE IN THE GARBS OF HIS ANCESTORS...AND ONCE MORE THE TOMAHAWK SQUADRON TAKES TO THE SKIES GIVING THAT WELL-KNOWN CRY...

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IN THE TOMAHAWK AIR BASE

... AND BECAUSE OF THE EPLENDID RECORD ACHIEVED BY YOU AND YOUR MEN; AS A BROTHER OFFICER, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO GRANT YOU YOUR REQUEST...BUT, OFFICIALLY, THE INDIAN COSTUMES ARE CREATED ONLY FOR AN ILL- USION TO FRIGHTEN OUR ENEMY, AND FOR CAMOUFLAGE PURPOSES... CORDIALLY YOURS, COLONEL ARTHUR G. RAMSEY, UNITED STATES ARMY AIR CORPS... BOY WHAT A SWELL GUY!!...

CHER-O-KEEEEEEE!

YOWIE! WE'RE GETTING OUR CLOTHES BACK!!

The End

"American Armada!"

During the course of the war, America has developed a veritable juggernaut of air power and might. More than a quarter of a million planes, designed to shorten the war, will soon fill the skies on all the principle theatres of operations all over the globe. What a far cry it is, when one recalls the boasting of Hitler and his "invincible" Luftwaffe, to the mass production of aircraft turned out the American way! Superbly trained airmen are being turned out in astonishingly large numbers. These young men are the solid backbone of the great armada yet to come, and represent the answer to the challenge of our enemy — namely, to come in the sky and FIGHT . . . !

American strategy is based upon many complex situations. But the fact remains that sheer force of numbers can win a war if the country is geared to a system of high speed production where aircraft can be manufactured just like any product for American consumption.

In the wake of all this, comes the peace that we will wait for, and expect. And the return of our airmen to their various places in society brings up another question that was more or less prominent after the last war, namely — what are we going to do with all this aircraft that was designed for fire-power, speed, and war-horse stamina . . . ?

After the close of World War I, air minded civilians were able to purchase from the government all of the fighting planes used in combat, or even off the assembly lines, for their own private use. The airplanes of that day, however, were a light-weight affair with a single engine, and a single, or in some cases, a pair of light calibre machine guns synchronized to the propellor. Their speed usually didn't exceed more than 150 miles an hour, and converting them into pleasure or commercial craft was a comparatively simple job. For a relatively small sum of money, a light plane could be bought that satisfied the needs of the user.

But, today, the picture is entirely changed.

Today's fighting warplanes are powerhouses of fury and strength. Huge engines consuming terrific quantities of fuel hurl these sleek instruments of destruction through the air at terrifying speeds that would make an early flyer gasp. Batteries of deadly machine guns spit out hundreds of pounds of lead and steel and are

directly synchronized with almost every heartbeat of the throbbing powerful motors.

Obviously enough, it would seem that such aircraft would be quite useless to the civilian for practical economical flying. The great quantities of gasoline and oil required to keep these planes in the air for short flights, make it almost impossible for the average flyer civilian to afford.

Wars, besides costing lives, also cost money. The tremendous amounts of money spent to "keep 'em flying", shows itself in the superlatively designed, and highly maneuverable aircraft turned out by America today. But, because these ships were designed to knock the enemy out of the picture, their use as civilian aircraft would appear to be very limited.

But, as training ships for the future American air army, these planes will be superb! Even the present day student training ship is so far superior to the best fighting plane of World War I, that one stops in amazement at the tremendous strides American air power has taken in such a short period of time.

Then, too, comes the thought of jet-propelled aircraft. It is within the reason of common sense that perhaps these fighting ships could in some way be converted into rocket planes, and their valuable engines be put to some other use, say agriculturing equipment, as an example.

After this war, America must build, and build with all her might and manpower. We will enter a period where every usable piece of equipment designed for war can be used for the work of restoring our nation back to its state of normalcy.

Bombers and transport aircraft might be converted into commercial airliners. Cargo planes can serve in peace as well as war, and a vast system of policing the occupied areas from the air must be maintained.

When the last piece of fighting air equipment comes off the American assembly lines, there will be a short pause for a holiday. The grand Mardi Gras of VICTORY. But then, the lines will once more start to move, and the American way of life will be complete again, with all of the common wonders that made America the greatest, richest, most powerful country in the civilized world.

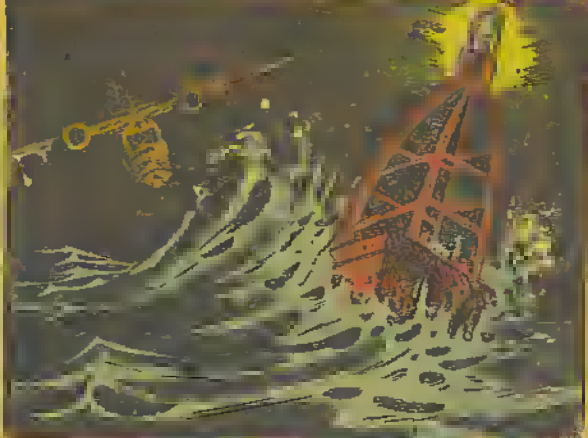
BUY WAR BONDS—Today!

No ICE today!

SINCE THE BEGINNING OF AVIATION, FLYERS HAVE CONSTANTLY BEEN PLAGUED BY DANGEROUS ICE FORMATIONS ON THEIR PLANES! NOW--HOWEVER--WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF THE NEW THERMAL ANTI-ICER, U.S. SCIENTISTS HAVE COMPLETELY ROUTED DEMON ICE FOREVER--!

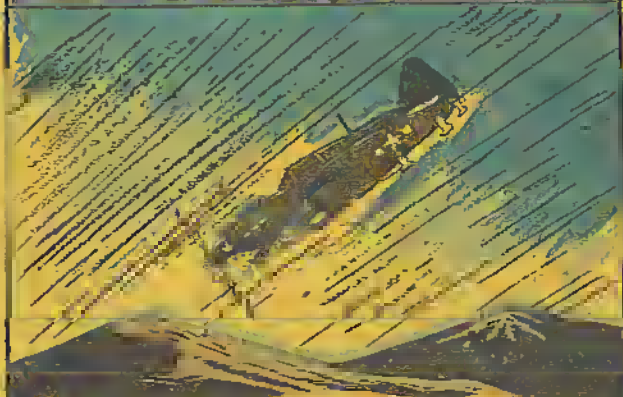
THE WORST DANGER OF ICE FORMATION IS THAT IT CHANGES THE SHAPE OF THE AIR FOIL WHICH AFFECTS THE LIFT OF THE WING PREVENTING THE MAINTENANCE OF ALTITUDE FOR PROLONGED PERIODS--

OF FOUR TYPES OF ICE, GLAZE LEAST DESTROYS THE EFFICIENCY OF THE PLANE-- BUT ADDS THE MOST WEIGHT, BEING A CLEAR ICE, FORMING FROM DROPLETS OF FREEZING RAIN...

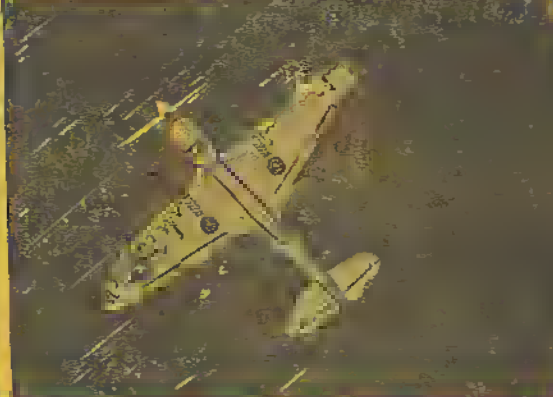


CONTACT COMICS

RIME IS A ROUGH, QUICKLY FROZEN TYPE OF ICE, FORMING FROM SMALLER WATER DROPLETS, AND CONTAINS TINY AIR BUBBLES--IT IS OPAQUE AND BRILLIANT, APPEARING IN MANY MUSHROOM SHAPES ON THE SURFACE OF THE PLANE--



MUSH IS A RIME TYPE OF ICE, APPEARING UNDER WARMER CONDITIONS... SUCH AS HALF RAIN - HALF SNOW. IT IS SOFT AND FLEXIBLE, AND CLINGS FIRMLY TO THE SURFACE OF THE AIRFOILS.



THE FOURTH AND LEAST DANGEROUS TYPE OF ICE IS FROST--BUT IT REQUIRES DEFINITE CONTROL.



EARLY ATTEMPTS TO ELIMINATE ICE CONSISTED OF SPRAYING PLANES WITH CHEMICALS--BUT THIS MET WITH LITTLE SUCCESS.



ANOTHER LABORIOUS METHOD WAS TO CHOP AWAY THE ICE BY HAND--BUT THAT WAS EVEN LESS SUCCESSFUL...



THEN A LARGE RUBBER MANUFACTURER CONSTRUCTED A WIND TUNNEL FOR THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF ICE PROBLEMS.

THIS IS IT! AT LAST WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!



THESE EXPERIMENTS RESULTED IN THE FIRST DE-ICER IN THE MIDDLE 30'S--A GIANT RUBBER OVER-SHOE FITTED OVER THE LEADING EDGES OF THE WINGS AND OTHER PARTS--

BY INFLATING AND DEFLATING THE OVER-SHOE, AFTER THE ICE FORMS, IT IS CRACKED AND DROPS OFF!



BUT AFTER EACH FLIGHT IT WAS NECESSARY TO CLEAN THE WINGS WITH ALCOHOL AND SWEEP THEM CLEAR OF FROST--AN OPERATION REQUIRING SEVERAL HOURS.



PILOTS OF WAR PLANES FOUND IT NECESSARY TO SHUT OFF THE RUBBER BOOTS DURING COMBAT WHEN FLYING AT LOW SPEED--AND WHILE LANDING AND TAKING OFF--

THE WINGS ARE COVERED WITH ICE AGAIN!

YEAH! WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF SOMEBODY COULD INVENT A REALLY SUCCESSFUL DE-ICER?



MEANWHILE--SCIENTISTS SECRETLY DEVELOPED A NEW AND RADICAL THERMAL ANTI-ICER.



THE U.S. NAVY MAKES EXHAUSTIVE TEST OF THE DEVICE IN CATALINA PATROL BOMBERS.

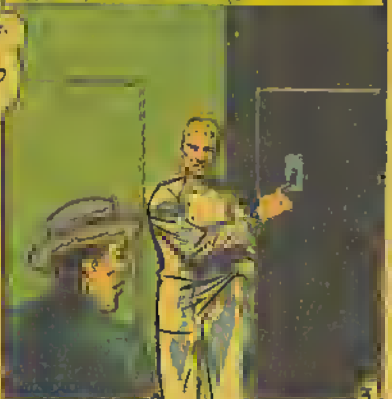


TEST PROVED SENSATIONALLY SUCCESSFUL--AND IN AUGUST, 1943, THE NEW THERMAL ANTI-ICER WAS FIRST REVEALED TO THE PUBLIC.

OUR ANTI-ICER WILL MAKE WINTER FLYING PERFECTLY SAFE. IT WILL REMOVE THE GREATEST HAZARD OF ATLANTIC TRANS-OCEAN FLIGHT--AND IT WILL BE A TREMENDOUS HELP IN DEFEATING THE JAPS IN THEIR FAR NORTHERN BASES.



THE ANTI-ICER PREVENTS ICE FROM FORMING AT ALL--ITS PRINCIPLE IS SIMPLE--A MATTER OF HEATING THE LEADING EDGES BY THE INDIRECT USE OF FORMERLY WASTED EXHAUST GAS!



HOW THE ANTI-ICER OPERATES ..

BEFORE--HEAT FROM THE EXHAUST WAS WASTED BY JUST FLOWING THRU THE EXHAUST PIPE

BEFORE



NOW A PIPE RUNS THROUGH THE WING FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE UTILIZING THE HEAT AND KEEPS ICE OFF THE WING!

IN THE NEW LIBERATORS, DUCTS LEAD TO THE PILOTS AND BOMBARDIER'S COMPARTMENTS, WARMING THEIR ENCLOSURES, AND DEFROSTING THEIR WINDOWS--



ONLY THE PROPELLERS ARE LEFT UNPROTECTED FROM ICE--AND THIN NEOPRENE SHOES ON THE BLADES ARE PROVING SUCCESSFUL...



TODAY--AMERICAN INVENTIVE GENIUS HAS SCORED A SPECTACULAR CONQUEST OVER ICE AIDING IMMEASURABLY IN BRING VICTORY CLOSER...IN THE FUTURE THESE SAME MEN WILL COMPLETE THEIR VICTORY OVER OTHER WEATHER HAZARDS...MAKING AVIATION THE WORLD'S SAFEST MODE OF TRAVEL....



FORECAST OF THE Future



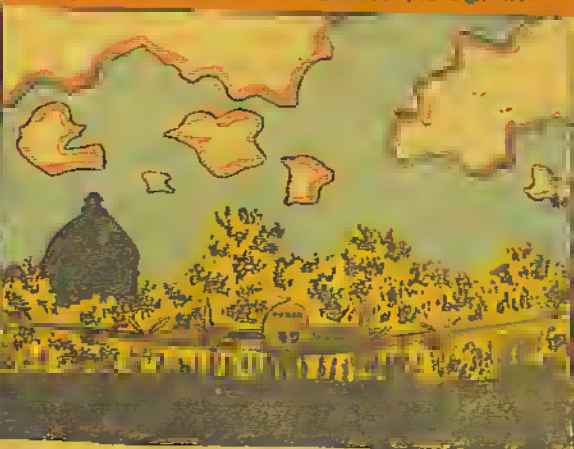
WHAT ABOUT
PLANES OF THE FUTURE?
WILL GIGANTIC SKYLINERS ZOOM
THROUGH THE SKY WITH BREATH-
TAKING SPEED...PERFORMING
MIRACULOUS FEATS? THESE AND
OTHER INTRIGUING QUESTIONS ARE
BEING ANSWERED DAILY BY
CONSERVATIVE AVIATION EXPERTS
WHOM WHO CONFIDENTLY MAKE
STARTLING....
"FORECASTS OF THE FUTURE"

TOM VAN BUREN

THE FIRST PLANE OF TOMORROW IS HERE
TODAY--THE GIANT LOCKHEED "CONSTEL-
LATION" DESIGNED BY JACK FREY, PRESI-
DENT OF T.W.A., AND HOWARD HUGHES....



TAKING OFF ON APRIL 17, 1949, WITH 17 PAS-
SENGERS, THE "CONSTELLATION" MAKES A SENSA-
TIONAL RECORDED BREAKING FLIGHT FROM BUR-
BANK, CAL. TO WASH. D.C. IN 6 HRS. AND 53 MIN.



BECAUSE OF WARTIME NEEDS THE "CONSTELLATION" HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE ARMY AS A TRANSPORT...AND IS CAPABLE OF CARRYING 100 SOLDIERS AT A SPEED OF 300 MILES PER HOUR!!



JUAN T. TRIPPE, PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS PRESIDENT PREDICTS THAT 8000 12,000 HORSEPOWER CLIPPERS WILL WHISK 160 PASSENGERS ACROSS THE SEA AT A 280 MILE AN HOUR RATE!



IN THE COMING 'AGE OF FLIGHT' NO POINT WILL BE MORE THAN 60 HOURS FROM YOUR HOME!" DE-CLARES PRESIDENT W.A. PATTERSON OF UNITED AIR LINES...

**TRAVEL TIME & ROUND TRIP
FARES FROM NEW YORK**

	19 HOURS	
MOSCOW	43	\$150
SINGAPORE	18	\$580
MEXICO CITY	14	\$110
LONDON	19	\$186
RIO DE JANEIRO	42	\$256
SYDNEY		\$548

CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER, PRESIDENT OF EASTERN AIRLINES, VISUALIZES GIANT 8 ENGINE PLANES, RACING CROSS-COUNTRY ON REGULAR SCHEDULES WITH 60 TON CARGOES....



60 MINUTE FLYING WING "ICE BOXES" TRANSPORTING 40 TON CARGOES WILL BE PUT INTO SERVICE BY COLONIAL AIRLINES AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE WAR....



THESE REFRIGERATED FRUIT EXPRESSES WILL ENABLE FLORIDA GROWERS TO MARKET THEIR PRODUCE IN NEW YORK 14 HOURS AFTER IT IS PICKED!



IMAGINE! STRAWBERRIES IN JANUARY! AND AS FRESH AS THOUGH THEY WERE PICKED THIS MORNING!

THEY WERE PICKED THIS MORNING!



CONTACT COMICS

NEW AIRPORTS EFFICIENTLY HANDLING 250 TAKE-OFFS OR LANDINGS PER MINUTE WILL DOY THE NATION....



AIRPORTS OF THE FUTURE WILL BE IN THE CENTER OF COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES....



CITIES WILL BE REBUILT SO THAT HOTELS, APARTMENTS, STORES AND THEATRES WILL BE ADJACENT TO AIR TERMINALS.



CONVENIENT LANDING FIELDS ATOP SKY-SCRAPERS WILL ACCOMMODATE BUSY TENANTS!



FILL HER UP JOE AND HAVE HER READY TO TAKE OFF AT 5 O'CLOCK!

RIGHT, SIR!



PLANES WILL CARRY FREIGHT TO AND FROM FACTORY LANDING STRIPS--WITH RATES AS LOW AS 15 CENTS PER TON MILE!

MODERN AIRPORTS AT SEA WILL EXPEDITE TRANS-OCEAN FLIGHT.

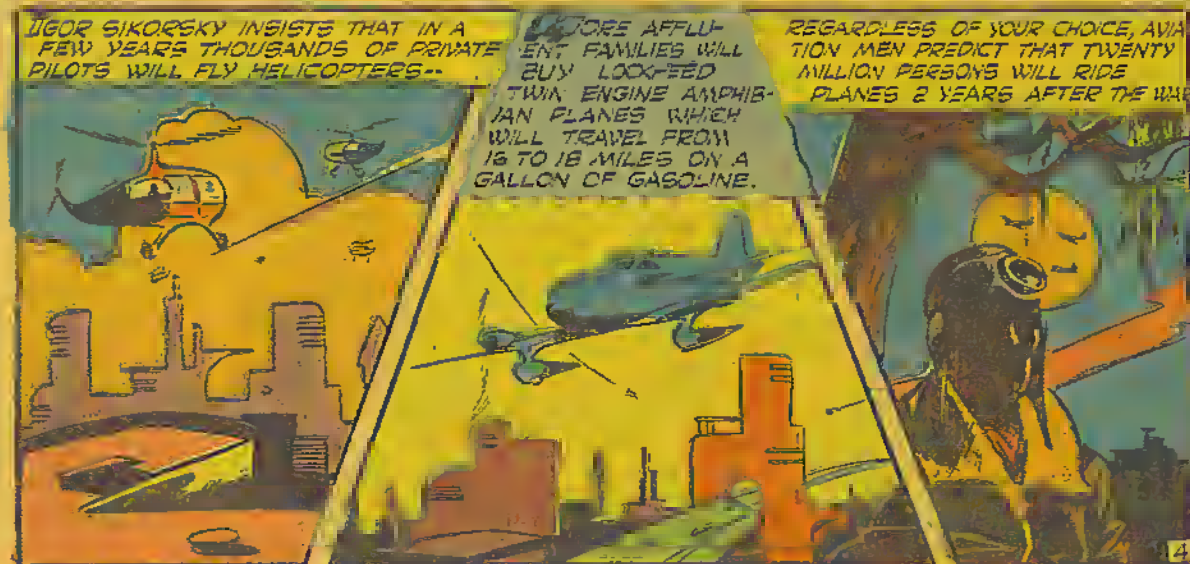
WHEN IS THE MOSCOW PLANE DUE?

IN 15 MINUTES--IT MAKES CONNECTIONS WITH THE SOUTH AMERICAN COMET.



ALLEN LOCKHEED, NOTED PLANE DESIGNER...FORECASTS 400 PASSENGERS PER PLANE IN THE POST WAR ERA!





CONTACT COMICS

AND HEAVY WILL AIR TRAFFIC BE THAT
HUGE GLIDERS WILL BE USED TO
ACCOMMODATE THE THROGS--



GLIDER CARGOS WILL ALSO TRANSPORT VAST
QUANTITIES OF FREIGHT AND LIVE STOCK...



THE AIRLINER OF 1950 WILL BE A GIGANTIC SIX
ENGINE, 3,000,000 LB SKYBIRD CRUISING AT
30,000 FEET WITH 600 PASSENGERS.

COZY STATEROOMS
WILL PROVIDE A MAX-
IMUM OF COMFORT
AND PRIVACY....



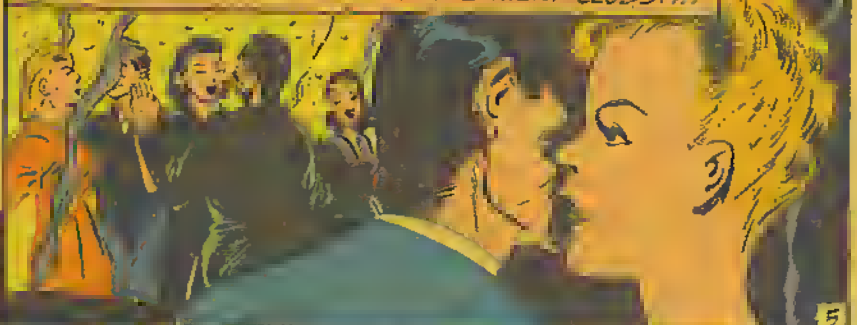
LUXURIOUS DINING SALONS
WILL SERVE TEMPTING MEALS.



PASSENGERS DESIRING ENTERTAIN-
MENT CAN ENJOY MOVIES EN ROUTE.



OTHERS MAY DANCE AT MINIATURE NIGHT CLUBS....



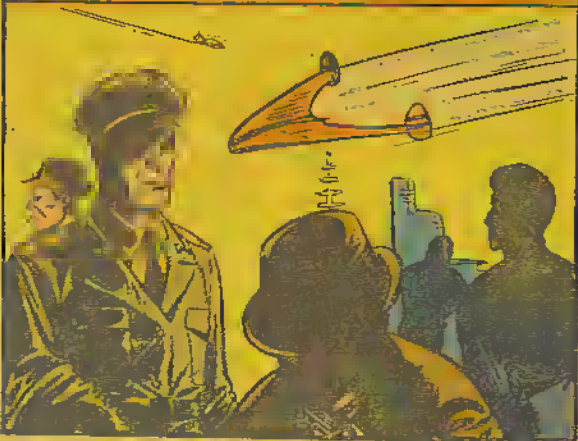
ALREADY DRAFTSMEN HAVE PERFECTED PLANS FOR ALL WING PLANES... WHICH PROMISE TO REVOLUTIONIZE AVIATION OF THE FUTURE...



FOUR ENGINED MAGIC CARPETS WILL ROAR THROUGH THE SKY AT A SPEED 100 MILES PER HOUR FASTER THAN THE SAME OLD...



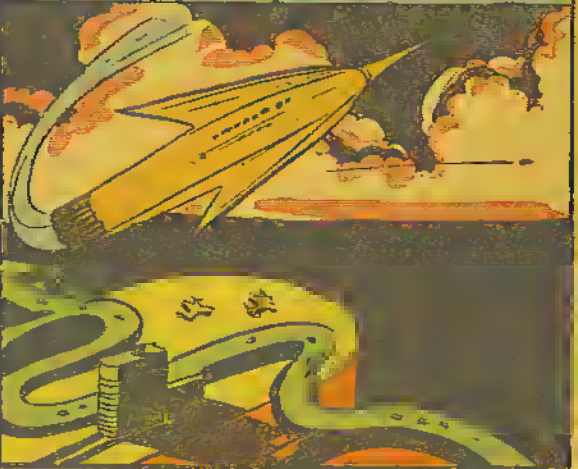
UTILIZING EVERY INCH OF SPACE, THESE MIRACLE PLANES WILL PERMIT THE TRANSPORTATION OF HUGE QUANTITIES OF FREIGHT AND MANY PASSENGERS...



ARE ROCKET PLANES PRACTICAL? THE ARMY ALREADY HAS DEVELOPED AMAZING JET PROPULSION SHIPS...WHICH, AT PRESENT, ARE DEEP MILITARY SECRETS...



EXPERTS PREDICT SUCCESSFUL OPERATION OF COMMERCIAL ROCKET PLANES... WHEN IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN 93 MINUTES...



WITHIN 25 YEARS, INTER-PLANET TRAVEL MAY BE POSSIBLE! FANTASTIC? REMEMBER JULES VERNE? PEOPLE LAUGHED AT HIS PREDICTIONS TOO... A LONG, LONG TIME AGO.

